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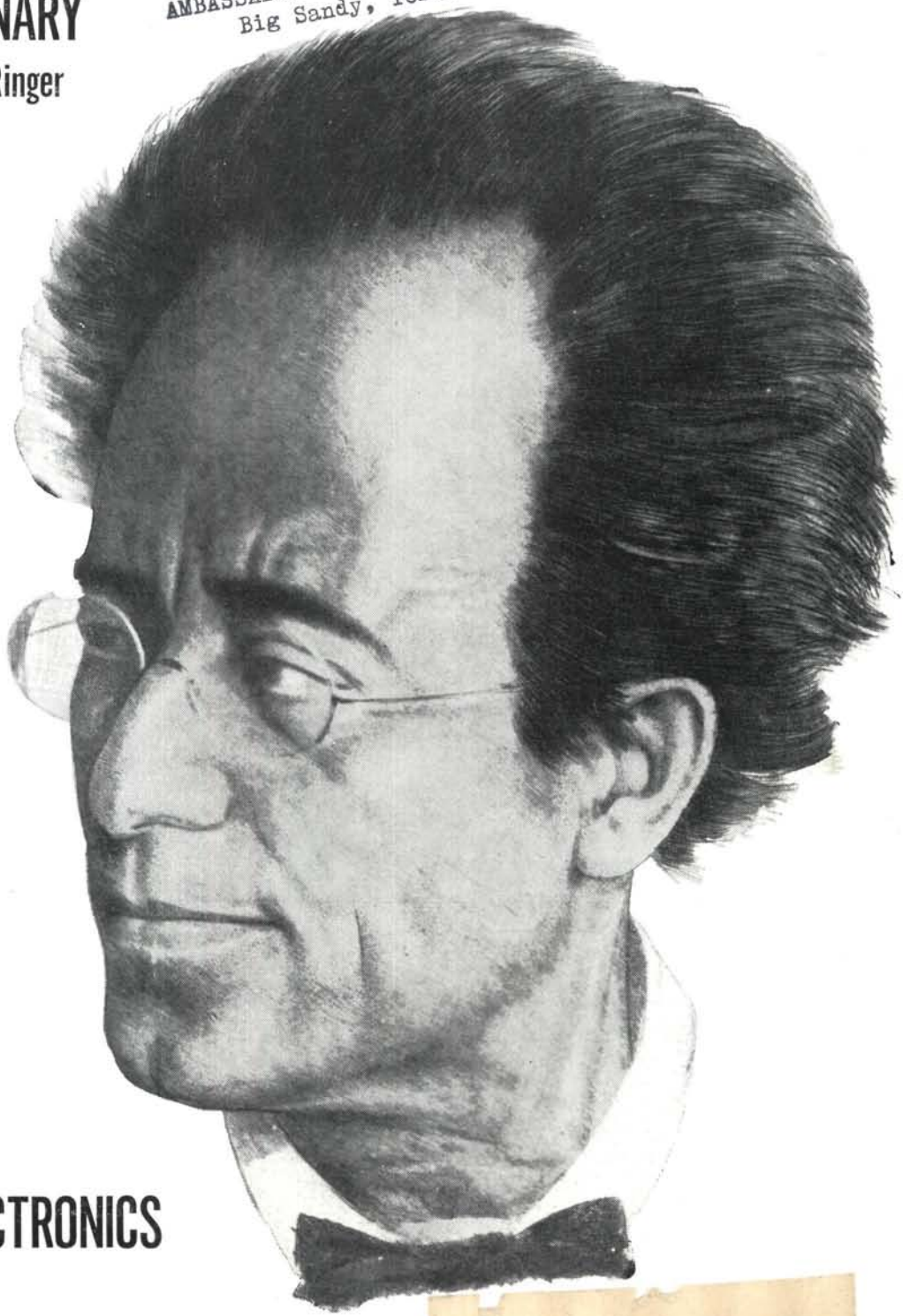

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911) as conductor of the New York Philharmonic (See Recordings)

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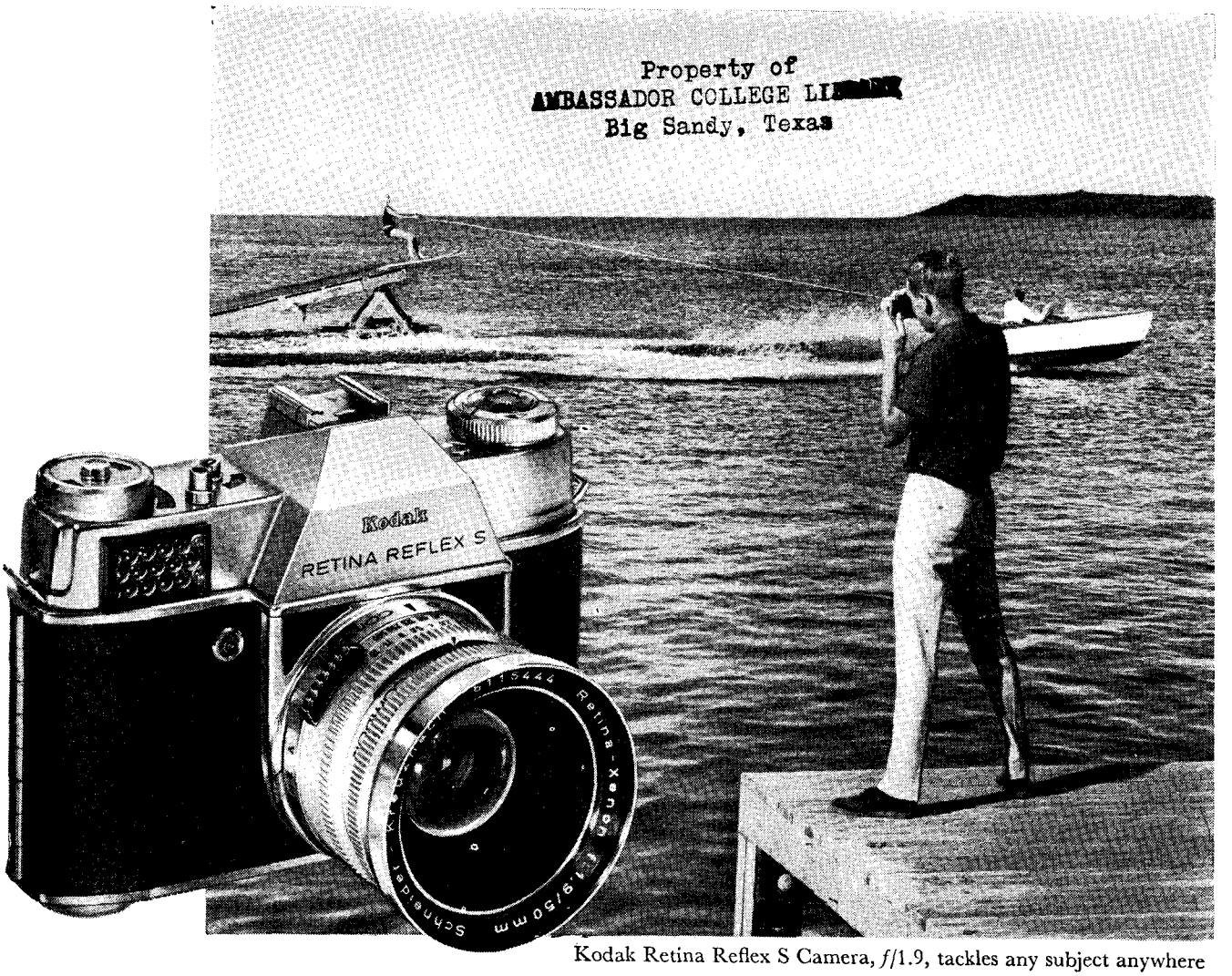

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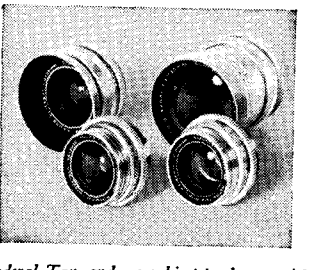

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The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Consultant; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLIII. No 29, July 16, 1960. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

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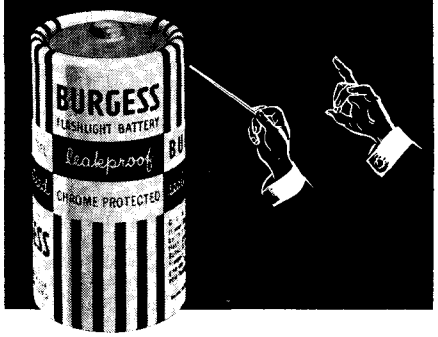

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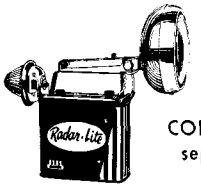

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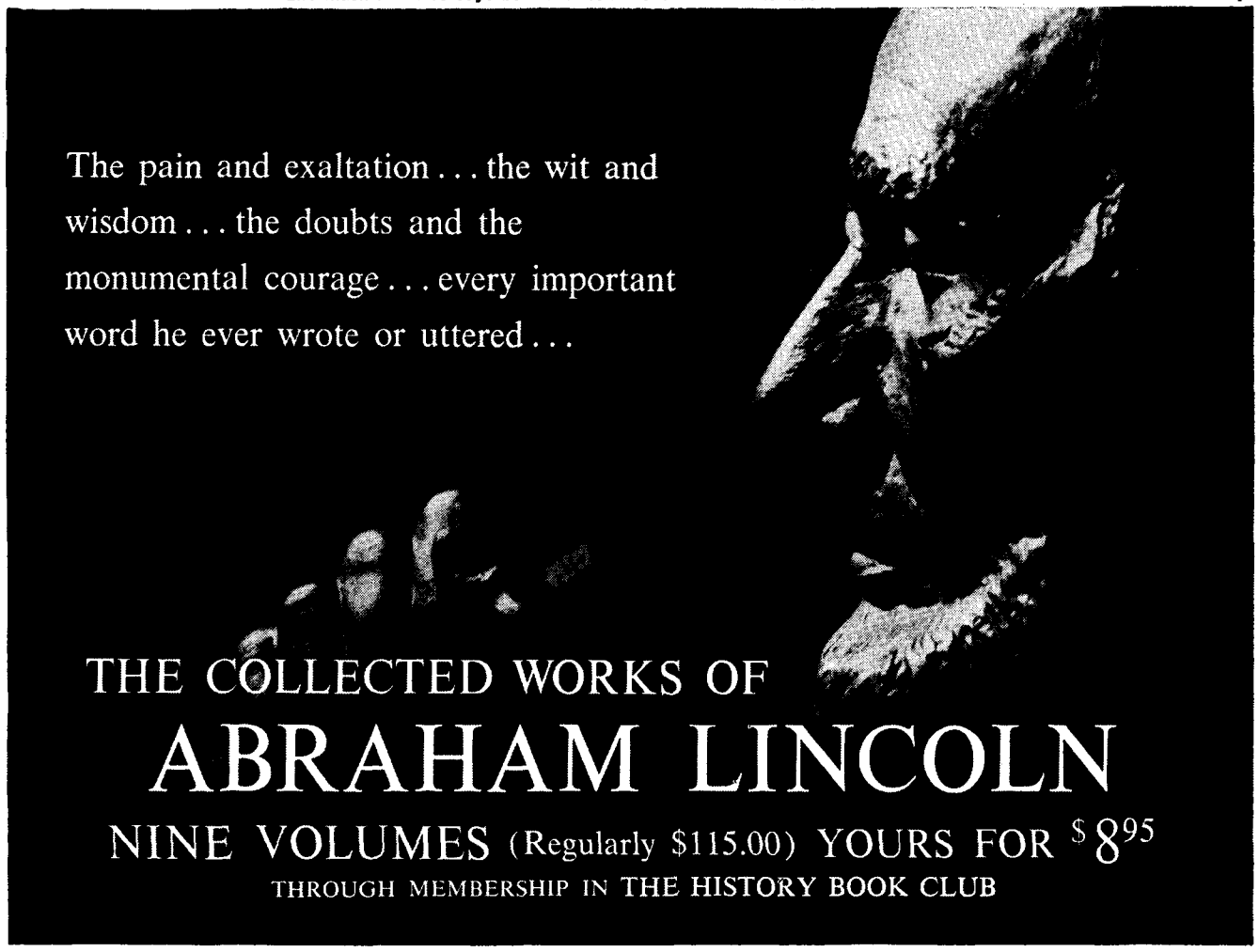
Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay.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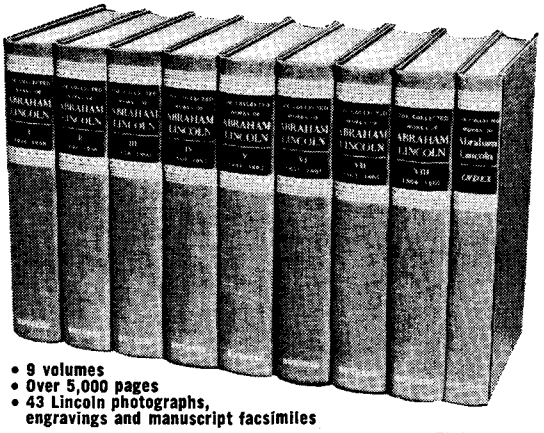

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

THE SENDING OF THE PENS

Ball point pens, ball point pens,
Everywhere I turn, it's ball point pens.

They line the rug from door to door
Like acorns on a forest floor,
They're on the sofa, on the chair,
Under foot and in my hair,
Forming patterns picturesque
On my bureau, on my desk,
Insolently making free
Where my pencils used to be,
And, when gentle evening comes,
In my bed like cracker crumbs.

Ball point pens, ball point pens,
Oh, the visitation of the ball point pens!

Some are sowed like rye or oats
By my wife, who on them dotes,
Some I know are left behind
By parting guests of absent mind,
Some tout investment analyzers
And banks and other advertisers,
But powers mightier than men's
Have joined the game of ball point pens.
Miraculously pens appear
Out of nowhere into here.
Like the gold on Danaë
Ball point pens have showered on me.
They're like the ruthless locust horde
That chastened Egypt for the Lord,
Or like the fabled fall of frogs,
So rain these plastic polliwogs.
Mayhap some sorcerer's apprentice,
Above himself, *non compos mentis,*
Forgetting the magic words, Say when,
Has loosed the raging ball point pen.
One drop of water from a ditch
Breeds millions of bacteria which
Increase to billions neath the lens;
That's how our house breeds ball point pens.

Ball point pens, ball point pens,
One a penny, two a penny, ball point pens,
Who'll buy, who'll buy my ball point pens,
Who'll buy my ball point pens?

—Ogden Nash.

Way Out

THE BEINGS ARE CALLING

MY OLD nervous trouble came back again recently when I learned that the National Science Foundation has some scientists sitting down in West Virginia trying to pick up messages from "intelligent beings" on other planets.

Boy howdy—the problems they are going to have!

One will be the secretaries. A fat chance any message from outer space has of getting through, with some girl sitting there yelling back into the radio telescope: "May I tell him who is calling?"

I can picture, too, one of the scientists coming back from lunch and asking his secretary: "Were there any, uh—you know—'messages' while I was out?"

"Yes, one," she will say, and an hour later, after he has been resuscitated, he will discover that it was from his wife, asking him to bring pistachio instead of chocolate. The kids, it seems, are tired of chocolate. And pick up the gray herringbone at the cleaners.

The strain will be heavy, and I think they will find they'll have to get new, fresh scientists every few weeks. Imagine yourself sitting around, staring at four walls, waiting for a "being" on Neptune or Mars or Venus to call you, knowing perfectly well that if he does you probably won't be able to understand a word he says. For international diplomatic reasons you wouldn't be able to shout back a request to speak English, for the Lord's sake, instead of all that "being" gibberish.

If this project in West Virginia is successful, I'll be most surprised if anyone on Saturn ever gives us a ring (ha, ha!). From the looks of poor old Saturn through my twenty-five-boxtop telescope I shouldn't imagine the people there could afford to put in many calls to Earth. Their soil appears to be very poor, and it is probably all they can do to keep body and soul together. They could, of course, pool their money and place just one brief, Extremely Long Distance call to Washington, asking for Foreign Aid. And I'm for giving it to them! The U.S. needs all the friends it can get.

—Hayes B. Jacobs.

• • •

HOW TO WIN AND TAME BEATNIKS

Guest: You certainly do have a nice place here. Large lawn, lots of trees, white house with green shutters—quiet, quaint little town. I mean, if you really dig that sort of thing.

You: Man, it's far.

Guest: (*swinging his beard around flush into you*) What?

You: Man, I mean it's the peace. Nothing like the big pad, all that shoving and shouting. Out here, you don't have the strain—follow? No daily jazz sessions to dress down for, no cold-water flats to fight over, none of that pressure to keep making up poems every day.

Guest: Say, Jack, you mean there's no reciting out here?

You: Right-O, Daddy-O. It's the peace, every day. And at night, you make love if you *want* to. Am I coming through? It's hard to communicate the beat of the thing.

Guest: Try me.

You: Man, it's like no competition.

Guest: I got you. I really hear that high note. But, man, where's your beard?

You: Who makes me? Besides, I love that after-shave. And that clean chin.

Guest: I dig the way you wear same. Like it was a badge, I mean. But I don't see the children bit.

You: Comic books. I mean, the real thing.

Guest: "The Shadow"? And all? Solid. How can I get out here? This is real Zen land.

You: No, man, not Zen. Christ. This is Christ land.

Guest: Christ? Who's that?

You: They got a place that tells you. Just down the road. Singing every Sunday. But you got to be peaceful, man, peaceful.

Guest: That's me, man, all kinds peaceful. Sounds just like Zen. This is the solidest out here I've ever seen. Didn't you blow with Bird?

You: I might have, until I went peaceful, like.

—Douglas Davis.

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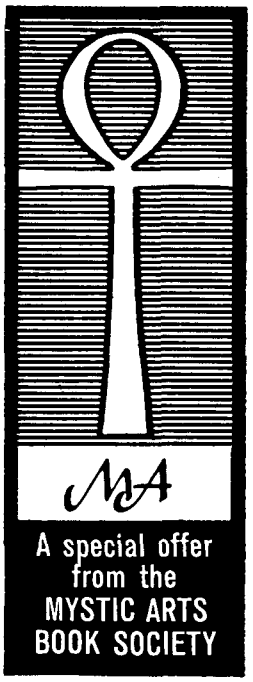

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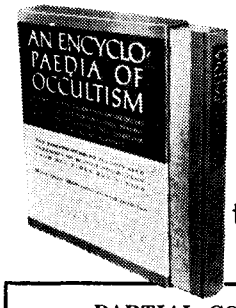

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TRADE Winds

THE WORLD OWES a vote of gratitude to Roger Price and Leonard Stern, who have come out with a startling scientific theory about people's names. These two professors have discovered that you become the kind of person your name sounds as though you should be. It is all explained in "What Not to Name the Baby," which was written and published by Price & Stern, and is being distributed by Pocket Books.

As the title indicates, the Price-Stern Theory is that parents make their children what they are when they name them. For example, "Earl is a small fellow with no chin and a deep voice who marries a big woman. Mark and Woodrow are popular teachers in a Midwestern college. Harry always knows where to get more ice." Or: "Arlenes have big eyes and talk a lot. Charlottes like to be a Pal to their men friends and wear heavy black glasses. Gertrudes, when young, tend to have too many teeth and dull hair; but they improve themselves. By the time they're seventeen, they're called Trudy or Gert depending on whether they become cute or smart."

Dr. Price shows that when babies are first born, they are all about the same until given a Name. Then Baby acquires its personality and society

begins to treat it as if it had the type of personality the name implies, and the child, being sensitive, responds consciously and unconsciously and grows up to fit the name. The book is filled with hundreds of names and the descriptions of the people who hold them. ("Jerome always finishes what's left on your plate. He acts like he doesn't want to but is doing you a favor.")

Price started formulating the theory when he was going to grade school. It was right after a girl named Carlotta, the local optician's daughter, showed a preference for a tall, curly-haired athlete named Lance. He explains:

"I couldn't understand why she preferred him to me. I made better grades than he did and could help her with her geometry. And her mother liked me the best. I finally decided it was all because of our Names. He looked and acted like Lance, and I was pure, 100 per cent Roger."

I hope the general outline of this theory is getting across to you all, particularly to *SR*'s travel editor, Mr. Horace Sutton. His wife recently had a baby and at this writing, two weeks later, they are still not agreed on a name. By consulting the Price-Stern book, they can be practically sure of the child's future. Fortunately, the the baby is a girl, for a boy might have been given the father's name, and according to Price-Stern, every "Horace says he's going to make a long story short, but doesn't."

ALL THAT REMINDS me of a tale that's supposed to be true. It was at a party in Houston and a man was telling actress Che Moody about authentic odd names of people, such as Gizella Werberzerk-Piffel and Rinetta Davydink. Then he recalled a girl in Waxahachie, Texas, named Naughtybird Curtsey.

When Miss Moody appeared reluctant to believe this one, a blonde young woman spoke up.

"I know a Naughtybird Curtsey in Waxahachie," the blonde said. "I wonder if it could be the same one."

AS MANY OF US KNOW, there is an easy way to make the blood rush to the head of an advertising man: mention the name of Vance Packard, whose first book, "The Hidden Persuaders," was forced onto the best-seller list by the constant denunciations of admen. I'm sure you'll recall how Madison Avenue screamed "Lies! Lies!" and thus created a word-of-mouth campaign that outdid anything money could have bought. Like children, we all rushed to the bookshops to acquire the forbidden material.

When they told me what Mr. Packard has done in his forthcoming third book, "The Waste Makers" (McKay), I braced myself for the blast that will come from the business world. (The publisher has braced himself, too, with a large print order.) This time, according to reports, the author discusses "the deliberate encouragement of waste by a major portion of American industry today."

Mr. Packard shows how consumption

from Bobbs-Merrill

The rough, tough, glorious chronicle of America's first commandos

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by JAMES ALTIERI

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for consumption's sake is becoming the key to American society, how "consumerism" has brought about such unbelievable facts of life as the mortician in Columbus, Ohio, who gives green stamps, and the shopping center in Miami where a chapel has been installed in a supermarket.

A large segment of our industry, according to the author, engages in "product death" and psychological obsolescence. Promoters, merchandisers, and marketing experts use these methods to sell the surplus of consumer products now being produced. As a result, the author says, waste-making is turning this country into a "have-not" nation drained of its natural resources.

This book will be available in September. Packard hopes all copies will be sold. That's waste-making, but it's all right in this case. Otherwise, there will be a "product death," and publishers have enough of *that* stuff.

AN INVENTOR, adventurer, and man of the world, Philip K. Saunders got his nickname, "Dr. Panto Fogo," when his trousers caught fire while he was asleep on a train in Brazil. He was a young man then. Since then he has had a lot of adventures, but he is now best known for his invention of the Saunders valve, which made him wealthy. He has told the story of his unconventional life in "Dr. Panto Fogo" (Prentice-Hall), an amusing, revealing book which includes such opinions of his as:

Laziness is the mother of nine inventions out of ten.

French food is not really good food. It is mediocre food cunningly cooked.

All bureaucracies work slowly because, of course, they gain nothing by hurrying.

Africans do not talk about sex as we do because there are no sex taboos and therefore nothing about sex calls for any comment except the expression of approval.

EVAN JONES, the compiler of "The Father: Letters to Sons and Daughters," says his favorite parent-child communication is Franklin P. Adams's lines to three small boys:

> Gentlemen, I love and like you,
> Caring little for your I.Q.

MRS. FRANK LEON SMITH has a door for sale. On the door are the autographs of about sixty literary people who in the early Twenties were important, famous, talented, unusual—I'm telling you, this is a fabulous door. I'd better start from the beginning.

In those days, when she was Juliet Koenig, designer and decorator (she contributed a drawing to the first issue of the *Saturday Review*), Mrs. Smith ran the Greenwich Village Bookshop. When writers and illustrators came in, they signed their names on the door. When she sold the business she asked if she could take along a few personal items. The new owners said okay, so she made off with this six-foot door. She has been carrying it around ever since, and now she'd like to know who wants it. The autographs, which are carefully preserved, include:

Tony Sarg, Susan Glaspell, Theodore Dreiser, Don Marquis, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Henry Canby, Vachel Lindsay, Henrik Van Loon, Sherwood Anderson, Edmund Wilson, Dudley Nichols, Heywood Broun, Sinclair Lewis, Homer Croy, and Donald Ogden Stewart.

Want a door? Ask Mrs. Smith at 321 East 52nd Street, New York 22.

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: Norman Mailer, charged with drunkenness in the beatnik town of Provincetown, Massachusetts, shaved his beard, put on a sedate blue suit, white shirt, and necktie, and pleaded his own case in court. The judge let him go and reprimanded the arresting officers. That's the best advertisement for himself I can think of. Shaving, I mean.

● A sign on the soft drink machine at *This Week* magazine announces: Out of Order Again.

● I wonder what Nick Darvas would have done in 1930.

● Gordon Manning tells me he had an A. C. Gilbert chemistry set in which the directions for one experiment started out, "Take a clean, dry test tube half full of water . . ."

● My three favorite legal terms are *deliberate speed, eminent domain,* and *attractive nuisance.*

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's
Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1372)

Max Shulman:
I WAS A TEEN-AGE DWARF

Chloe is a small, weak girl, exactly the kind I require since I am a small, weak man. And don't think it's easy to find a small, weak girl these days. What with vitamins, the matriarchy, and competitive sports, the modern girl has achieved appalling proportions.

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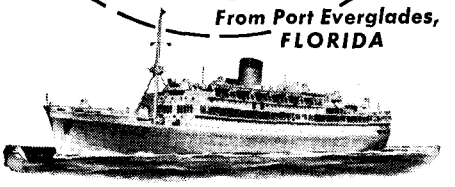
BY TWO FAMOUS DUTCH PASSENGER MOTOR LINERS
From Port Everglades, FLORIDA



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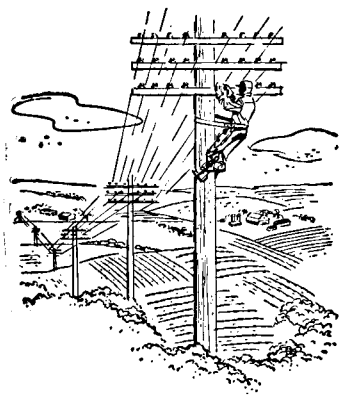

Stretching from country to country, these wires hum with activity. Today there are over 70 million phones in use in the United States serving homes and industry. They are a vital part of our everyday life.

It's easy to make a telephone call. But look at all that's behind this modern convenience.

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Saturday Review
JULY 16, 1960

LITERATURE BY ELECTRONICS

The development of an International Business Machine word analyzer that will contain especially designed logic circuits makes the electronic translation of Russian literature a reasonable possibility for 1961. Moreover, French and other tongues will likely follow shortly. In the following essay Robert J. Clements, director of Comparative Literature in the Graduate School at New York University, speculates on the art of translation in this age of technology and presents to SR readers the world's first robot renderings from masterpieces of literature. Dramatic passages from "The Brothers Karamazov" and "War and Peace" are mechanically translated from the Russian, as, for good measure, is a poem from Boris Pasternak's novel "Dr. Zhivago."

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

THE AIR FORCE has done it again. Close on the vapor trail of Midas II has come Mark I. Mark is no interplanetary space device, however, but an electronic translating machine. The unveiling of this machine holds for all of us implications that stagger the imagination. Mark I, says the announcement, can convert Russian novels and scientific texts into meaningful English. The IBM scientists who perfected it prefer in their modesty to call this "hardware" a "language processing machine," but the publicity men at the Air Force are more direct. After all, Mark I has practised for a year on articles from *Pravda* and hasn't choked yet, even handling news and comment about the U-2 flights. It translates 1,800 words a minute, its intense inner activity evident from flashes on an oscilloscope, neon bulbs flickering like heat lightning on its console, and the output typewriter clicking away endlessly. Its tremendous speed is limited only by the human factor, by the secretaries who must provide the punched paper-tape input. Shortly it will handle more than 2,400 Russian words and idioms a minute with even greater accuracy. Its present dictionary of 60,000 entries (representing 600,000 actual Russian words) will soon be expanded to 400,000 entries (theoretically representing 4,000,000 words), making Shakespeare's vocabulary of 24,000 words look like that of the neighborhood poacher.

We've been expecting news of this sort for quite a while, even though we didn't think it would come from the Air Force. (We have since learned that the Air Force has been the largest governmental spender on technical translation.) The English, Russians, and we have been playing around with automatic translation since the end of World War II. The French, who have felt ever since Du Bellay in 1549 that no sort of translation, human or mechanical, is very successful anyway, have played the role of interested onlooker. (Ironically, IBM is already operating in a second foreign language with a French-English processor of a 23,000-entry capacity.) Not that the British have been very happy about the prospect. Soon after Dr. A. D. Booth announced over BBC in the mid-Forties that a machine would shortly transpose the German of Goethe into the English of Wordsworth letters of concern followed. One of these protested to the *Listener* that such a machine would translate *boîte de nuit* as "box of night" and so on. However, the interested countries kept at it and we finally outdid the Russkis. In 1954 IBM demonstrated a general-purpose computer with a vocabulary of 250 Russian words and English equivalents. Thus, our first machine was launched before the 1958 congress on automatic translation in Moscow. When we asked George Tarnawsky of IBM how well the Russians were doing today, he answered that they are probably as advanced as we are in their theorizing, but that they are still working with the older all-purpose data processors rather than anything so perfected as Mark I. Thus, they are some five or six years behind on the technology or "hardware" level.

—IBM.

Glass disc on which vocabulary is etched. The dark circle near the edge contains 60,000 entries, representing 600,000 words.

The announcement which revealed the very busy existence of Mark I provided a liberal sampling of its translation from *Pravda*. An unsympathetic observer might claim that this first sample reminds him of Mark Twain's retranslation of the French version of his "Jumping Frog." However, Mark I will be provided within a year with a "sophisticated word-analyzer containing specially built-in logic circuits for analysis of sentence structure" and this will smooth things out somewhat. This improvement, plus the expanding of vocabulary in the rotating glass disc "photoscopic memory" will handle the further subtleties of language that give literature its greatness and its difficulty.

All this news, plus the fact that an entirely new machine, Mark II, a solid-state, transistorized version of "old" Mark is almost completed, is so promis-

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ing that it is hard to remain standoffish and skeptical. Yet doubts do arise and these deal specifically with the machine's handling of creative literature. The Air Force promises that it can cope with novels. Can it really process fiction? How soon will it be assigned to the translation of literature? Obviously, the project was spurred by the fact that governments have insatiable appetites for translations: more than 2,600 Russians at the All-Union Institute for Scientific and Technical Translation, plus 26,000 part-time scientist-translators, are getting out half a million abstracts of foreign books and articles. Probably not many of these have been working on Faulkner, Eliot, or even Howard Fast.

Granted that the machines will work for government scientists and then for government intelligence before they are engaged by Publishers' Row, creative literature may have its turn on the punch-tapes earlier than we suppose. Mark II alone will "handle all of the government's presently known translation needs," and will then have time to spare—a point to which we shall return. Certainly the scientists themselves are interested in Mark's potentialities for literature and are willing to move in this direction. Until this issue of *SR*, Mark I had never been put to work on literature. The nearest it ever came was to practise on some "doggerel" from *Pravda* and on a fairy tale. At the request of the Mirrour chain of Australian newspapers, the inventor, Dr. Gilbert W. King, tried out "Little Red Riding Hood," which came out as "Red Cap." But then who among us knows what a "riding hood" is?

WILL the machine handle great poetry, which so often eludes the best efforts of human translators? Poetry would seem like the least likely of all, but a brand-new book on machine translation by Locke and Booth predicts: "It seems not unreasonable to anticipate thoroughly literate translations of literary works as good as published run-of-the-mill translations. By extension, even a translation of poetry might not be less intelligible than the original." (It is chastening to have these hints of what the scientists really think of modern poetry.) "A machine with a sufficiently extensive storage organ would be able to construct rhymes and rhythms and to relate these to the ideas contained in the original text, provided only that the necessary additional cues to sound, syllable structure, and stress were provided in the memory with suitable routines for processing them." Certainly the result would be better than Mallarmé's English translation of his own high-flown "Tombeau d'Edgar Poe," which has always sounded to me as though a primitive automatic translator had worked over it. But more of verse later. Poetry or no poetry, the impact of Mark II and its successors may well be shattering. Mark II may prove to be the Lunik III or Pioneer V of literature. We are wise to begin thinking about it, even if we find it hard to distinguish at times between fantasy and facts.

One speculative consequence of the translating machine will be the plethora of books to which we shall be subjected. If the Renaissance churchmen and even some humanists were horrified at the tide of books unleashed by the invention of printing, these complaints will be as nothing compared to the future distress of those dealing with literature. Everything will have to increase: publishers, bookstores, book clubs, book agents, book reviewers. There will be so many volumes available that no two people at a cocktail party will have read the same work, and literary dialogue will grind to a halt. It used to be that a reasonably good book which won a minor prize in France or Germany could, after a flurry of local interest, be buried in oblivion. Even fairly well-known novels by Jules Romains or Rómulo Gallegos have remained untranslated as of today. All sorts of obstacles have come in the way: the inevitable parochialism of publishers, unable to canvas all the foreign literary scenes; the lack of first-rate bilingual translators (editor André Gide regretted that translators are usually "subalternate beings whose good will does not atone for their insufficiency"); the cost of translation, middlemen, agents, copyright lawyers, and so on. Now that an unknown novel by, let us say, Cuba's up-and-coming Alejo Carpentier may soon be put on a language processor quickly and cheaply, books from all major languages could be made available by the thousands each month.

The machine's sheer energy is indeed a worrisome thing. A French onlooker has observed that for such a machine to run economically it must operate at maximum yield. It must be continually fed, like some voracious apparatus in

"War and Peace": Two Translations

Human Translator

Pierre looked at him in surprise.

"But you know they say," he said, "that war is like a game of chess."

"Yes," said Prince Andrey, "only with this little difference, that in chess you may think over each move as long as you please, that you are not limited as to time, and with this further difference that a knight is always stronger than a pawn and two pawns are always stronger than one, while in war a battalion is sometimes stronger than a division, and sometimes weaker than a company. No one can ever be certain of the relative strength of armies. Believe me," he said, "if anything did depend on the arrangements made by the staff, I would be there, and helping to make them, but instead of that I have the honor of serving here in the regiment with these gentlemen here, and I consider that the day really depends upon us tomorrow and not on them . . . Success never has depended and never will depend on position, on arms, nor even on numbers; and, least of all, on position."

"On what then?"

"On the feeling that is in me and him," he indicated Timohin, "and every soldier."

Prince Andrey glanced at Timohin, who was staring in alarm and bewilderment at his colonel. In contrast to his usual reserved taciturnity, Prince Andrey seemed excited now. Apparently he could not refrain from expressing the ideas that suddenly rose to his mind.

—Constance Garnett.

Electronic Translator

Pierre with surprise looked at him:

—However, — said he, — after all, they say, that war is similar to a chess game. —Yes,— said, prince Andrey, — with that only difference, that in chess at every step you can think, sufficiently, that you are there outside of conditions of time, and yet with that difference, that the knight always is stronger than a pawn and two pawns always are stronger than one, but in war one battalion sometimes is stronger than a division, but sometimes weaker than a company. The relative strength of troops not can be known. Believe me, — said he, — that if anything depended on the orders of headquarters, then I would have been there and would have made orders, but instead of that I have the honor to serve here, in the regiment, here with these gentlemen, and consider that on us actually will depend tomorrow, but not on them . . . Success never depended, and will not depend, not on position, not on arming, not even on the number; but already least of all on the position.

—But on what then?

—On that feeling, that is in me, in him, — he pointed to Timokhin, — in every soldier.

Prince Andrey glanced at Timokhin, who frightened and puzzled looked at his commander. Contrary to his former restrained silence, Prince Andrey appeared now agitated. He, apparently, not could hold from the expression of those thoughts, that unexpectedly came to him.

—Mark I (Slightly Post-edited).

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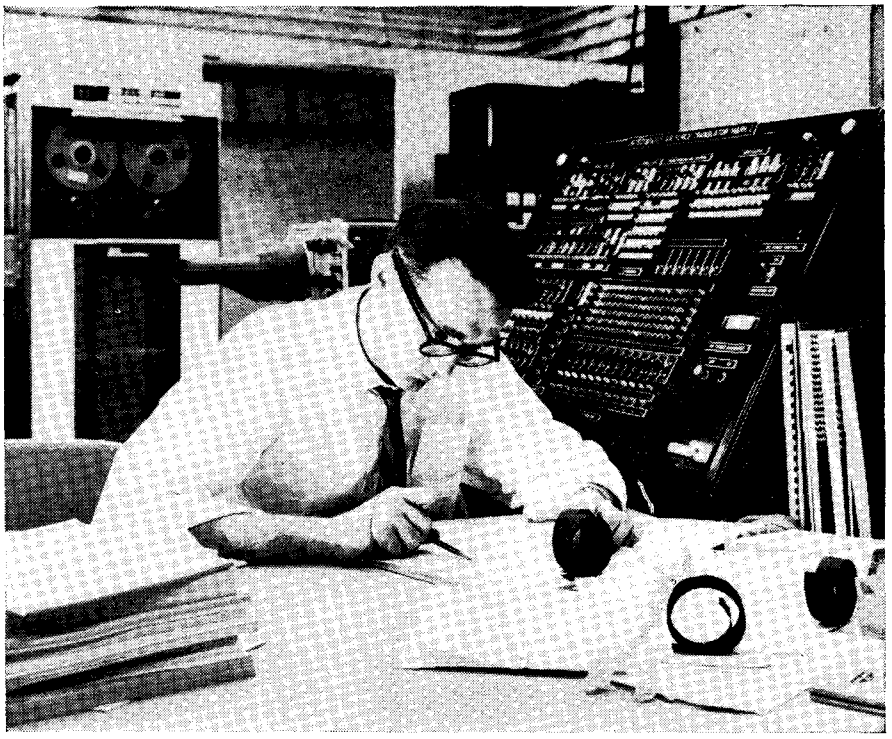
an old Charlie Chaplin or René Clair film. This European linguist calculated that even for the older IBM 701 data-processor 200 hours of manual preparation are required for one minute of work. This means that 12,000 "perforating secretaries" must work continually to keep up with the machine. One gets a disturbing picture of messengers rushing new novels to the perforating typists just as warning bells and colored lights warn that the machine's intake is about to peter out.

Actually, the machines will soon be fed even faster. Automatic photoprint-readers are now being developed which will allow instantaneous input of typewritten or printed materials at a speed of 1,000 characters a second.

The depressing thought thus occurs to us that we may run short of novelists. Out of desk drawers will come the typescripts of peripheral or rejected novels and stories. Books never published in their original idiom will be translated into foreign languages. In the bookshops foreign novels will outnumber the native products by six or ten to one. Commercial writing courses will run unusual advertisements: "You, too, may discover a talent for writing, like our Mr. J. Rowbottom of Davenport, Iowa, whose first novel was translated into six languages last month. It will be published in English next year by Random House." Indeed, unknowns like J. Rowbottom will be economically translated into more languages than Joseph Conrad or Jack London. The vision of 12,000 perforating secretaries punching away to get out foreign versions of Rowbottom is unhappily reminiscent of that premise in logic about 10,000 monkeys pecking away at typewriters until one of them arrives at "Hamlet."

THE plethora of translations is but one of the grave implications before us. These machines will certainly affect the amount of foreign language teaching carried on in the world. When all scientific materials are translated or abstracted by the machines and when all cultural materials are available in the output languages, the motivation for studying foreign tongues will be greatly reduced. Americans, who have such a miserable record as linguists, will find the return to linguistic isolationism convenient and attractive.

And what happens in the machine age to the fine old art of translation? Time was when kings themselves, like Alfred or Alfonso the Wise, engaged in translation. There were days when the translator—Amyot working on Plutarch or Florio Englishing Montaigne—enjoyed great prestige. Theorists like Peletier held translation to be the truest type of creative, mimetic writing. Many men achieved a distinction as translators which the creative writers envied. Who can dismiss as less than masterworks Hoby's "Courtier," Schlegel's Shakespeare, Lermontov's Goethe, Baudelaire's Poe, Jowett's Plato, or Gilbert Murray's Greek tragedians?



—IBM.

John Duffy, in charge of translating machine (in background), checks tape against copy.

There is of course a long-standing school of skeptics about the value of trying to translate from one language to another. Way back when Cicero was translating Demosthenes, he admitted that he would do better to translate freely as an *orator* rather than literally as an *interpres*. St. Jerome, rendering the Greeks into Latin, also acknowledged that he would be satisfied to catch not the letter but the spirit of the originals. Jowett, after his long and successful bout with Plato's dialogues, granted that all translation is a compromise between literal and idiomatic. Cervantes declared that reading a translation was like looking at the reverse side of a Flemish tapestry, and a Hebrew poet once defined reading a translation as "kissing your sweetheart through a veil." Even Shakespeare's "Bottom, thou art translated" seems to convey the notion that translations are somewhat asinine. Although both Paul Valéry and Benedetto Croce in modern times have been credited with the quip that translations are like women, the more (less) beautiful the less (more) faithful, the idea was abroad as early as the 1820s in France, when the phrase *les belles infidèles* was coined for good but free translations or paraphrases.

If there have always been doubts about man's ability to translate, how much more skepticism there will be about a machine's efforts. Indeed, even as soon as the Air Force announcement came through we began to hear the gag about how the processor mistranslated Matthew xxvi, 41 ("the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak") as "the liquor is good but the meat is terrible." This canard is exploded by the fact that no machine has yet translated from Greek or even from Latin (whose wording "*Spiritus quidem promptus est, caro autem infirma*" has been most freely handled by the English). Even when the machine makes mistakes in the future it will remain impervious to threats and criticisms. It will not be bullied like Etienne Dolet. During the Renaissance Dolet translated a Greek text with too strong a negative and the Sorbonne had him burned for it in the Place Maubert, right there at the corner of the Boulevard Saint-Germain where you see his statue. Mark II will not even be bullied by authors. When Turgenev complained that in Charrière's translation of his "Memoirs of a Russian Gentleman" "there are not in the entire work four lines in a row faithfully translated," the Russian could seek redress man to man. In the future, threats and appeals will be met by the empty stare of the data-processing machine. Responsibility and blame will get lost somewhere between the lexicographer who stocks the memory disc, the perforating secretary, the machine's

(*Continued on page* 39)

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Uncommon Critic Reappraised

By Granville Hicks

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY was part of the British literary scene from 1916, when he published his first book, until his death in 1957. In this country we knew him as the husband of Katherine Mansfield and as D. H. Lawrence's friend and then enemy, but we knew him also as the editor of the *Adelphi* and as the author of stimulating critical essays. In the Depression he became interested in politics, as did many other authors on both sides of the ocean, and wrote "The Necessity of Communism," which pleased practically nobody. After that he seemed to be turning dizzily from one cause to another, and we began to lose interest. There was a feeling that he was a crackpot, if not a charlatan, and that he was memorable only because of his relationship with two great writers.

In **"The Life of John Middleton Murry"** (Oxford, $6.50) F. A. Lea makes clear how unjust this downgrading was, but he is no hero-worshipper, and the Murry he shows us is an enigmatic figure, one whose importance it is still difficult to assess. One point, however, is established: Murry cannot be brushed aside; he is someone with whom we have to come to terms.

The first important clue to the understanding of Murry lies, Lea suggests, in the character of his father. The father, born into the proletariat, escaped from it by a mighty effort and became a government clerk. He was determined that his son should rise higher in the social and economic scale, and young Murry was driven in such a way that, as he later said, he had no childhood. He won a scholarship at Christ's Hospital and then at Oxford, and he seemed on the way to realizing his father's ambition for him. But suddenly, on an accidental visit to Paris, he came into contact with the modernist movement in art and literature, and in no time he had founded a quarterly review, *Rhythm*, to preach the modernist gospel.

Some years later, during World War I, Murry was employed in the War Office, where he did very well indeed. "This," Lea remarks, "is not surprising. Murry was no writer of genius, but a man of uncommon ability who happened to have taken up writing. He would have excelled at anything that engrossed his whole attention, and his whole attention was now focused on the war." The observation is shrewd. Murry's life had taken a course of which his father could not approve, but the driving force his father had nurtured was in no way diminished.

His temperament being what it was, his literary career was naturally a matter of successive enthusiasms. He had met Katherine Mansfield in 1911, and had become her lover and eventually her husband. A little later he met D. H. Lawrence. Although, as has often been told, he had difficulties with both, he was strongly influenced by them, and when he founded the *Adelphi* in 1923, it was to pay tribute to the memory of the one and to propagate the teachings of the other. But Professor Murry was passionately devoted to older writers as well, especially to Keats and Shakespeare, about whom he wrote again and again.

HE brought the same enthusiasm and energy to politics, and characteristically he attempted the practical application of his theories. After writing "The Necessity of Communism," he engaged in political activity, trying to work with the Independent Labor Party and establishing the Adelphi Centre. Similarly, in his later pacifist phase, he set up an agricultural cooperative.

During most of this time his life was full of acute suffering. His second wife died of tuberculosis, just as Katherine Mansfield had done. His third marriage was a mistake, for which he paid heavily over many years. Only with the woman who eventually became his fourth wife did he enjoy peace. In his domestic life his last years were happy, and he became comparatively mellow. The old drive was slowing down at last.

Lea's book is competent rather than brilliant. He is chiefly concerned with facts, and they sometimes pile up in a confusing way. (The cumbersome system he has adopted for his notes adds to the confusion.) However, he has set down the record, and he has probably come as close as anybody could to getting it straight. Although he was a friend of Murry's, he is, as I have said, no hero-worshipper. Murry appears often enough as weak, vain, superstitious, and muddle-headed, but he also appears as generous, long-suffering, and singularly resolute.

The question Lea doesn't answer is what importance if any Murry's writings have today. We can attempt an answer for ourselves if we turn to **"J. Middleton Murry, Selected Criticism 1916-1957,"** edited by Richard Rees (Oxford, $7). Here we find early essays on Stendhal, Dostoevsky, Proust, and Lawrence, essays that show the shaping of Murry's mind. There are long extracts from his books on Keats and Shakespeare, the works in which his critical resources were most fully and most advantageously displayed. Most of the material in the book was written before 1932, when his interest in politics was aroused, but there are two excellent essays from the last years of his life—one on Whitman and one on Lawrence and Eliot. The latter is particularly interesting, for Murry had known both men well, and he writes about them with warmth as well as discrimination. Although he has generous praise for Eliot, he takes his stand, as one would expect, with Lawrence.

In talking about Lawrence, Murry says, "That is the supreme purpose of art—to reveal to man what he is." To this faith Murry held from the beginning to the end of his career. He was always concerned with literature as revelation, and in consequence his work is as different as possible from the kind of close textual analysis that is currently fashionable. This does not mean, however, that he is a vague impressionist, given to unsubstantiated generalities. On the contrary, he is a careful reader, capable of making sharp distinctions, but what seem to him the large issues are always kept in the foreground.

Between them, the books convince me that Murry was a more considerable figure than I had come to believe. He wrote a great deal, and sometimes what he wrote was nonsense, but his central insights were and are important. That we live in a profoundly revolutionary age was not a platitude to him but a deeply felt truth. (He called an autobiographical volume "Between Two Worlds.") Like Lawrence, he was convinced that mankind needed a new kind of consciousness, and he looked eagerly for signs of it in literature. Later he tried to create social situations in which the desired state of mind could develop, and, though he was constantly reversing himself, his seriousness and sincerity were admirable. He was responsible and vastly courageous, and his virtues glow in a cautious era. After we have made all allowances, and there are plenty to be made, he challenges us with his vision of the society we live in and his interpretation of the literature it has created.

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BOOK OF THE WEEK

He Sought a World to Fit His Size

"Thomas Wolfe: A Biography," by Elizabeth Nowell *(Doubleday. 456 pp. $5.95), is a full-scale portrait drawn by the woman who was for many years Wolfe's literary agent. Gay Wilson Allen, the biographer of Walt Whitman, grew up near the novelist's birthplace in North Carolina and now teaches in the English Department of New York University, which once employed Wolfe.*

By Gay Wilson Allen

Thomas Wolfe—"a man who was too tall."

IN A STORY he called "Gulliver," Thomas Wolfe speculated, "Some day someone will write a book about a man who was too tall—who lived forever in a dimension that he did not fit, and for whom the proportions of everything . . . were too small.

"He should write the story of that man's journey through the world," Wolfe continued, "with the conviction of incontrovertible authority, and with such passion, power, and knowledge that every word will have the golden ring of truth . . ."

Now someone has written that story with "incontrovertible authority," though with more compassion than passion (which seems to me a virtue in a biographer) and with knowledge and power. The author is not, however, a "he" but a most perceptive "she," Wolfe's literary agent, the late Elizabeth Nowell.

Written with unerring discernment, this, in fact, is a great biography, based on years of close observation and patient assembling of facts. Miss Nowell's judgments are so inconspicuously woven into the narrative that the reader is scarcely aware of the critical mind at work. Though sympathetic to her subject, as a biographer should be, she never sentimentalizes, excuses, or withholds details unfavorable to Wolfe either as artist or man.

In fact, never in his most autobiographical writings—and as everyone knows, they were all thinly disguised autobiography—did Wolfe so clearly reveal himself in all his colossal weaknesses and unpredictable strength. In less sure hands such complete fidelity would have resulted either in bathos or debunking, but in this biography the effect is that of near tragedy. There is dignified pathos rather than catharsis in Miss Nowell's interpretation of the last year of Wolfe's life, during which time, she believed, he was finally attaining self-understanding and maturity.

What Wolfe might have been it is of course futile to imagine, but even if one doubts that self-control and intellectual maturity would ever have been possible for him, this biography does reveal the march of destiny in Wolfe's stormy life. The contradictions in his character, personality, and career seem to have been almost predestined.

These conflicts originated in Wolfe's ancestry, in the lavish, avid, thwarted lustiness of his Shakespeare-spouting father; in the restless energy and parsimonious greed of his talkative mother. From each he inherited traits of his genius and seeds of unhappiness. As Miss Nowell expresses it:

> Wolfe got from his father the richness, the rhetoric, and the sonority of his prose: also his "great gusto of living," his high-strung nerves, and his fits of brooding suspicion when he imagined that the world was in conspiracy against him. From his mother he got his garrulity, which in his books became excessive in length, his mysticism, his enormously retentive memory, and his dogged will power for long-sustained, exhausting work.

From his native region, western North Carolina, Wolfe also inherited suspicions, biases, and social attitudes which conflicted with his natural love of people and humanitarian instincts. His anti-Semitism, for example, was at least partly responsible for the tragedy of his love affair with Mrs. Bernstein. But in this painful relationship, as well as in the many broken friendships and the torment Wolfe unintentionally caused his editor Maxwell Perkins, the novelist was driven by uncontrollable forces in his own character and personality. He was obsessed with size, believing himself to be a giant in a world of pygmies. Actually, a man six and a half feet tall was no phenomenon even before the epoch of overgrown basketball players, but self-consciousness and conceit made Wolfe think so.

Yet he was also by nature generous, recklessly venturesome, and unsparing of his health, energy, and money. In his teaching at New York University, as in his writing, Wolfe drove himself relentlessly. Slow to admit the total depravity of Nazism, he was convinced beyond all doubt by the sight of one terrified little man being arrested for smuggling a few paltry coins. In the Austrian Alps he is still a legend among the farmers, for whom he bought drinks every night for as long as they could stay awake. One night after a quarrel with his German mistress he himself got dead drunk and had to be carried to bed. Early next morning before anyone else was awake he slipped out and without guide or assistance climbed the Galtenberg, the highest peak near Alpbach. This biography is full of such stories, all scrupulously authenticated.

Wolfe's disregard for his health was the cause of his death at the age of thirty-eight. While at Harvard he suspected that one lung was tubercular. Several years later in New York an X-ray examination gave him further warning, but he would never tell his closest friends what he had learned, not even the name of the doctor who had examined him. On his fateful trip to Seattle he refused to call a physician after a severe cold had developed into pneumonia. Finally he collapsed and was taken to a hospital, but it was then too late. Rushed to Johns Hopkins for brain surgery, it was discovered that the pocket of tubercules in his lung had ruptured during the pneumonia, got into his blood stream, and collected in his brain. Having for years ignored all the warnings, he was now beyond aid.

In calmly describing Wolfe's death in Baltimore and his funeral at Asheville, North Carolina, Miss Nowell concludes: "He had escaped from home and the encircling hills, and gone out in the world: he had made his life and work prevail with a strength that even cheated death, and now he had come home again to stay."

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A Musical Life in Counterpoint

"Frederick Delius," by Sir Thomas Beecham *(Knopf. 222 pp. $5.75), fulfills a promise to the wife of the composer, Jelka Delius, that the British conductor "would one day write the story of her husband's strange and troubled life."*

By Irving Kolodin

OF THE many notable accomplishments in his long and varied life, Sir Thomas Beecham's "Frederick Delius" is unquestionably unique—a patient, closely detailed biography of the composer he has done more to promote than any of his countrymen. How their lives became intertwined is part of the story itself (see *SR*, June 25) but there is little doubt that Sir Thomas is better qualified, by circumstances and temperament, than anyone else to put together the pieces that made up the mosaic of Delius's life.

As Beecham mentions in his preface, the project was the outgrowth of a promise given to Jelka Delius, the composer's wife, who died in May, 1935, not much more than a year after her husband. There was more than sentiment in this commitment: Philip Heseltine's eulogy of the man to whom he had attached himself while still a student at Eton had been a standard since 1923, and it was not until 1948 that Arthur Hutchings provided his counterbalancing study (others in the Delius circle had added memoirs from one authentic if limited view or another). In addition, Beecham made his acceptance conditional on having "full access" to more than 600 letters and documents which had accumulated in the house at Grez-sur-Loing, where Delius made his home from the late Nineties until his death. These have contributed their share of detail to the portrait as it was finally composed.

However, what has contributed most of all—as it must, inevitably—is the personality and turn of mind of the biographer himself. As is well known from his autobiographical "A Mingled Chime" (published in this country in 1943), Beecham commands the verbal language almost as well as he does the musical. "Frederick Delius," as suits the different purpose, is a more economically-written book than its predecessor: it is thoroughly organized, exhaustively informative, and illuminating in more than a few instances of happenings (especially in the subject's early life) which have been inaccurately stated or simply overlooked in earlier accounts.

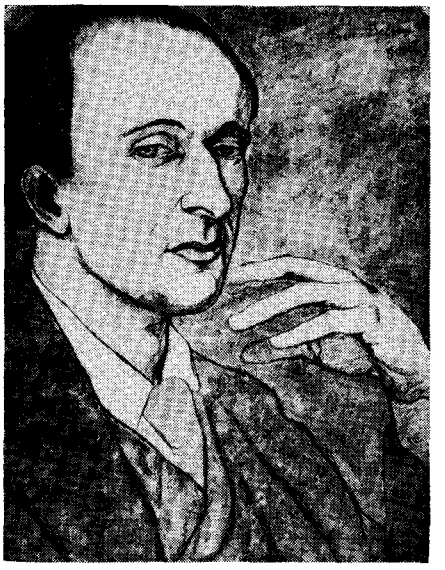
Perhaps the single most satisfactory service Beecham has rendered from this reader's point of view is the reconstruction of influences that produced, from an English-born son of German parents (with a tinge of Dutch in the father's ancestry) a composer who spent some time trying to grow oranges in Florida, studied in Leipzig, loved the Scandinavian countries, and preferred to live in France, where he wrote music about a world of fantasy in which Nietzsche, Walt Whitman, Jens Peter Jacobsen, Henrik Ibsen, and Arthur Symons were fellow citizens.

As to the products of that soil, opinions will differ. Beecham cites as his and the "almost unanimous opinion" of "more than a score of composers and conductors, both English and Continental" who heard "A Mass of Life" when Delius conducted it in June, 1909, that it was "the most impressive and original achievement of its genre written during the past fifty years." Precisely what this "genre" is Beecham does not particularize, but if it includes other works of orchestral-vocal character written between 1859-1909 by Brahms, Debussy, Schoenberg, and Mahler the statement will hardly meet general acceptance. My preference is for the one fine orchestral piece Delius wrote over and over again under various names: "Brigg Fair," "Summer Night on the River," "In a Summer Garden," "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring," etc. Here the idiom and the subject are in perfect accord: when the striving is for a larger utterance, the proportions do not suit the pretentions. When he is, literally, accompanying the cuckoo's voice in his first spring song, Delius is not merely incomparable; he is, for seven or eight minutes, unprecedented and without successor.

It is clear from the narrative that Beecham and Delius enjoyed their greatest rapport during the decade following 1909. These were years of common endeavor, in which the creator's vision was fused and made tangible by the recreator's, as Beecham expended effort without stint on Delius's accomplishment. Even as Delius passed into his sixties, and a personality change developed (in which the adulation of Heseltine is viewed by Beecham with gentle irony), the esteem for the artist never lessened. Indeed, few creators of any sort ever enjoyed the tribute in their lifetime which came to the blind and crippled Delius in 1929 when Beecham arranged a six-part festival of his music in London extending over a three-week period, in which "Brigg Fair" and "A Mass of Life" were brackets around a score of orchestral works, songs, chamber music, and operatic excerpts—a tonal panorama of his whole life's work.

In adding this detailed character study to the exposition of his subject's works in the concert hall, the theatre, and the recording studio which have occupied him intermittently for more than fifty years, Beecham has shown us as much about himself as about his subject. Discussing the current status of Delius's music late in the book, he refers to "the comparative ignorance of this music professed or demonstrated by the majority of latter-day conductors. This is not easily explicable . . . All that is really wanted is the insight to comprehend and reveal the infinite wealth of nuance inherent in virtually everything he wrote. Renan has reminded us that *'la vérité consiste dans les nuances'* and to no composer does this dictum apply so aptly as to Delius. But a word of warning may not be wholly out of place. It is imperative to maintain a tight control over the motion of the melodic line: otherwise there may be created an unpleasant sense of lassitude or shapelessness."

All that is really wanted, then, is Beecham or his nonexistent counterpart.



—*From the book.*

Frederick Delius, from an engraving by A. Ouvre.

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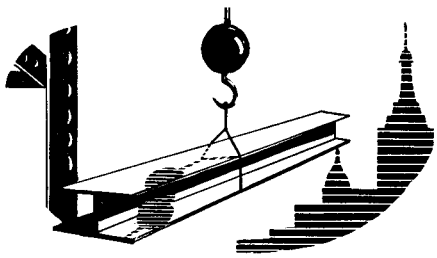
A Legacy in the Skyline



"Louis Sullivan as He Lived: The Shaping of American Architecture," by Willard Connely *(Horizon. 322 pp. $6.50), attempts to detail the life of an architect about whom documentation is sparse. George R. Collins, associate professor of art history at Columbia University, wrote the volume on Antonio Gaudí in Braziller's Masters of World Architecture series.*

By George R. Collins

THE MODERN belief that great architecture is the product of a highly personal and messianic mission can be attributed in large part to the writings and activities of Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright. Their point of view, in contrast to our century's more mechanistic or collaborative ideas about architectural design, would lead us to believe that the work of architecture is almost as physiognomic of its creator as any other type of twentieth-century art.

It follows then that for an adequate understanding of the architecture and architectural theory of these two great masters we must possess a deep knowledge of their personalities; we must, as it were, penetrate the façades of their purely formal principles. They have insisted on this themselves, of course, by the publication of long autobiographical accounts in which the past, present, and future, fact and fancy, and a sort of architectural theory and morality of conduct are inextricably jumbled.

—Collection Burnham Library of Architecture, Art Institute, Chicago.

Louis Sullivan, whose private life was "a withdrawn and truly inner affair."

The present volume, written by a professional biographer, is dedicated to searching out and recounting as much as can be known of the personal life of Louis Sullivan. Except where he chose to relate it himself in his truncated "Autobiography of an Idea," this was a withdrawn and truly inner affair—in contrast to the private life of his follower Wright, which became public property in so many ways.

Because of the relatively unproductive later career of Sullivan there is a tendency to see him as a kind of first-stage rocket which fell away after putting Wright and other aspects of twentieth-century architecture into orbit. Sullivan encouraged this, perhaps, by stopping his autobiography at the height of his well-being in 1893. Up to that point his had been a characteristic nineteenth-century success story like his brother Albert's. But real human interest only seems to begin with the long, poignant years of gloom in which a mysterious Nemesis pursued him down to his death in 1924. Here documented material is sparse, psychological possibilities are intriguing, and Connely's volume is the richest and most gripping.

To attain our end we must have a clearer picture of the manifold activities of the "Chicago School," especially of the young progressive associates of Sullivan and Wright; studies of this sort are being made but are not yet completely accessible. Interviews that have been obtained from survivors must now be collated for what they may clarify of our conflicting theories as to Sullivan's decline—whether it was external or internal in origin, etc. We must peer behind the colorful and sometimes self-righteous sentimentality of Wright's account of the final years of his *Lieber Meister*; Wright's son's comments on the matter are a partial corrective. In short, a psychological study of the little evidence that remains to us of the man Sullivan is needed; Connelly marshals useful details but fails to exploit them with the same insight that Manson employed (with less data) when he published "Sullivan and Wright: An Uneasy Union of Celts."

With the persistence of a genealogist, the present author reports Sullivan's entire span of life: his origins, career, and immediate survivors. Minutiae about Sullivan's relatives and associates are recorded down to the physical measurements of fellow members of his athletic club. This is done in an informal, popular style which disguises the fact that certain details have questionable bearing on Louis Sullivan the architect. The reader will find little here that is not already present in the major sources from which the book is derived: Sullivan's own well-known writings, Morrison's as yet unsurpassed monograph of 1935, Connely's brief articles in the American Institute of Architects' *Journal* during 1953-55 about his own discoveries.

ARCHITECTURAL talk is superficial in this volume. There is no consistent or enlightening discussion of Sullivan's buildings, although it might be argued that blind devotion to them would largely account for Sullivan's difficulties in adjusting to people and to his own success. (About fifteen years later, at the same age, Wright was also brought to crisis at the peak of achievement, but faced it differently, fleeing and later fighting back to new triumphs.) Nor are the illustrations in the book well related to the buildings that are described in the text. Striking details are included of the Walker Warehouse, which is scarcely mentioned; the Bradley residence is illustrated but not discussed, although it is a particularly rich instance of Sullivan's later intransigeance with his patrons.

Sullivan as innovator should be seen now in the context of the worldwide architectural renovation of his day. His impact on Europe is hinted at here, but not really evaluated; Connely's detailed account of the last days of the master does not mention that he was visited and assisted by Richard Neutra, then an important foreign commentator on the American scene, and that it was at Sullivan's funeral that Neutra first encountered Wright.

In general this book is not annotated so profusely as Connely's other biographic studies, as can be seen in the bibliography, which is but a pale reflection and modernization of Morrison's monograph.

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—From "Bedford Forrest."

Appomattox Was Not the End

By Ari Hoogenboom, *who is writing a biography of Gustavus Vasa Fox, Abraham Lincoln's Assistant Secretary of the Navy.*

TODAY in some circles it has become fashionable to be an anti-Civil War buff. Cleveland Amory recently called it "inexplicable . . . that for every book written about our Revolutionary War there are at least a dozen written about the Civil War, which was not a whit more dramatic or romantic." Now, we Civil War enthusiasts will readily admit many books written on "The War" are either trash or rehash, and some of us will even confess a certain perverseness in our preoccupation with the greatest blood bath this hemisphere has witnessed. But Mr. Amory and his fellows are wrong. Fratricide, slavery, and the personalities involved—the noble Lee and the martyred Lincoln, for example—all make the Civil War a dozen times more dramatic and romantic than any other conflict. Furthermore, the Civil War was a catalytic agent hastening processes and compressing decades of normal social development into four short years that transformed an earlier age into modern America. Our modern America, however, is still divided by the Civil War. The solid South is a fact of present-day political life, and race relations—our most pressing domestic problem—helped bring on that war and were in turn profoundly affected by it. No, Mr. Amory, the Civil War is a legitimate object of fascination and the flood of books will not be stopped by the anti-buff fad.

In the present freshet of ten books are two on Lincoln. John J. Duff's scholarly **"A. Lincoln: Prairie Lawyer"** (Rinehart, $7.50) traces Lincoln's rise from obscurity to leadership of the Illinois bar and, incidentally, portrays the operation of justice in the Old Northwest. A lawyer by profession, widely read in Lincoln literature, and counseled by Lincoln scholars, Mr. Duff has not allowed his admiration for Lincoln to obscure this portrait. Lincoln emerges more human than demigod. Lawyer Lincoln was no doubt responsible for President Lincoln's Constitutional attitudes, as Mr. Duff asserts, but his claim that Lincoln's great eloquence also sprang from legal training is a bit farfetched.

"Lincoln and the Civil War" (Braziller, $5), edited by Courtlandt Canby, is similar in concept to Paul M. Angle's popular "Lincoln Reader." Canby's anthology, however, differs in execution. While Angle's work is chiefly a biography of Lincoln excerpted from the Lincoln classics, Canby quotes more recent works and stresses the war years. Selections on the battle front are pro-Grant and anti-McClellan, on the home front anti-Radical, and on all fronts pro-Lincoln. Canby has provided an excellent way to get better acquainted with Lincoln.

In any other war the first officer killed would be known only to a few, but in the Civil War he was a national celebrity and a student of law under Lincoln besides. **"Colonel Elmer Ellsworth: A Biography of Lincoln's Friend and First Hero of the Civil War,"** by Ruth Painter Randall (Little, Brown, $5), skilfully delineates his short, poignant career. The dashing, magnetic Ellsworth rocketed himself to fame as the foremost exponent of the Zouave drill and influenced countless other Yankees to don an Algerian uniform in 1861. Interest is heightened by Ellsworth's courtship with Carrie Spafford, and his letters to "her little queenship" have provided Mrs. Randall with an excellent source.

"Meade of Gettysburg" (University of Oklahoma Press, $5), by Freeman Cleaves, contrasts the painfully slow advance of George Gordon Meade before the Civil War with his meteoric rise to the command of the Army of the Potomac at Gettysburg. But "the damned old goggle-eyed snapping turtle" was more than Gettysburg, and this book also discusses his subsequent career in Grant's shadow. Cleaves is pro-Meade, defending both his caution after Gettysburg and his later bloodless maneuvers. When in 1864 Grant set up his headquarters in the field, he retained Meade as commander of the Army of the Potomac. While Grant planned and supervised, Meade directed the army in battle and was responsible for details. Perhaps the greatest tribute that can be paid Meade is that under these conditions—galling at best to a proud man—he served well. Mr. Cleaves has written an absorbing biography of an admirable man.

THE fifth Union book, **"Vermont General: The Unusual War Experiences of Edward Hastings Ripley (1862-1865)"** (Devin-Adair, $6), is a series of valuable letters between Ripley and his family. These letters reveal a cultivated officer's army experiences and graphically portray the impact of war on a close-knit family. The horror of battle is capsulized in a description of the fighting before Richmond when a comrade's brains were dashed in young Ripley's face. Best known for establishing himself as the "Duke of Richmond" after leading Union troops into that city, Ripley won the respect of the inhabitants by putting out fires and restoring order. We are indebted to editor Otto Eisenschiml for his helpful notes and to Sibyl Huntington Ripley for the publication of her father's letters.

As expected the ever embattled self-

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conscious South continues to enjoy reading about herself, particularly in her more flamboyant aspects. **"Stringfellow of the Fourth"** (Crown, $4), by R. Shepard Brown, recounts the significant career of Franklin Stringfellow, Confederate spy and scout for "Jeb" Stuart. Stringfellow had many brushes with death, but his luck was as extraordinary as his skill. Masquerading as Sallie Marston at a Federal officers' ball, he lured away and captured a surprised lieutenant who expected to find something quite different from derringers beneath Stringfellow's skirts. Unfortunately, good primary source materials—letters that give "Vermont General" an air of immediacy—are lacking for Stringfellow. The mind of the scout, consequently, cannot be analyzed; and Brown's narrative, based largely on family tradition and on Stringfellow's postwar lectures when he was an Episcopal clergyman, has a retroactive quality. Nevertheless, readers in search of adventure will find it in this book.

That hero worship can be carried to ridiculous lengths is illustrated by Andrew Lytle's revised edition of **"Bedford Forrest and His Critter Company"** (McDowell, Obolensky, $5.95). A semi-illiterate who described Yankees as "suns of biches," Forrest was a great natural soldier as his maxim "get there first with the most" demonstrates. Mr. Lytle, however, worships his hero for more than his military ability. Fighting for Christianity and individualism, Forrest is the symbol of the Southern cause. He is the selfless, devoted, fearless hero standing against the "powers of darkness"—otherwise known as Yankees or Black Republicans. Mr. Lytle has written a book for the unreconstructed Southern agrarian. While acknowledging Forrest's undoubted genius, Yankees will fume over this idolatrous treatment of a prewar slave trader and postwar Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan.

A far more worth-while reprint is Basil W. Duke's **"A History of Morgan's Cavalry"** (Indiana University Press, $7.50). Ably edited by Cecil Fletcher Holland, this volume is part of the excellent Civil War Centennial Series. The similarities between Morgan and Forrest are striking. Both became outstanding cavalry leaders in the West, both hated General Braxton Bragg, and both had little military training—a factor that enabled them to innovate more easily than traditionally-minded professional soldiers. Forrest, however, was the better soldier. Although Morgan's raids benefited the Confederacy, his most famous foray through Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio in the summer of 1863 ended in the loss or surrender of nearly his entire command. Morgan escaped south, a spiritless, tragic figure who met his death the following year. Basil Duke was Morgan's brother-in-law and his second in command. This partisan book, first published in 1867, is very personal and provides an excellent insight into the mechanics of raiding.

THIRTY-EIGHT years after the Civil War, without benefit of a journal or of letters, John Cheves Haskell wrote his nonetheless vivid story. Published now for the first time, **"The Haskell Memoirs"** (Putnam, $3.95) have been edited with voluminous explanatory notes by Gilbert E. Govan and James W. Livingood. Haskell, whose judgment of leaders is occasionally affected by their postwar activities, is best in describing the battles of Gaines's Mill, where his right arm was blown off, and of the Crater, where he witnessed the butchering of countless Negroes.

The classic **"A Confederate Girl's Diary"** (Indiana University Press, $7.50), by Sarah Morgan Dawson, is also part of the Civil War Centennial Series. Sarah was judicious and frequently detached, as befitting the daughter and sister of judges. She objectively noted on June 29, 1862, that no glory awaited the Southern Confederacy if independence were achieved. It would be a "mere speck in the world." Patriotism did not keep this Louisiana rebel from aiding a Union soldier whose hand was gored in a drunken fray. "I don't care," she wrote, "if he was drunk or sober, soldier or officer, Federal or Confederate! If it had been Satan himself lying helpless and bleeding in the street, I would have gone to him!" This engrossing volume is carefully edited by James I. Robertson, Jr., who has written an excellent foreword, has checked the text with the original diaries, and has supplied numerous notes clarifying and supplementing entries.

Maverick Rides the Airways

"Memoirs of World War I: From Start to Finish of Our Greatest War," by Brigadier-General William Mitchell *(Random House. 313 pp. $4.95), shows why the rebellious airman remains an idol today. Mark S. Watson is military correspondent of the Baltimore Sun.*

By Mark S. Watson

GENERAL "Billy" Mitchell, a generation after his court-martial and fourteen years after his death in retirement, remains an idol of the Air Force quite as much by reason of his bold defiance of Army and Navy (it was the intemperance of his statements that brought disciplinary action) as by his pioneering in air tactics and air thinking. He was snorting defiance as early as 1917 and, costly as it proved to his career, he never stopped.

That spirit of rebellion against an establishment unready to change its ways breathes from chapter after chapter of Mitchell's memoirs of World War I, published only in part in the Twenties, and now for the first time presented much as the impulsive and cocksure Mitchell had originally reconstructed them from his wartime diary. Limited to a chronicling of 1917-19, they stop short of the period when Mitchell was conducting his war on the U. S. Navy with a determination as marked as that with which he opposed the Kaiser and, naturally, this time with a far tighter tenure of the center of the stage. Even so, over and around the actual World War I events that he chronicled, Mitchell laid a gloss of judgments related to those events and, in effect, set the stage for the postwar expressions of opinion which fixed the pitch for Air Force thinking down to this day.

The British Air Marshal Trenchard's firmly expressed theories of that day (equally distasteful to his own War Office) clearly influenced the eager young American. Hit the enemy's resources hard, Trenchard urged, and waste little effort on air defense, since the airplane is not an effective defense against the airplane, anyway (for all the brilliant aerial dueling of that day) and "the sky is too large to defend." Granted that an enemy raid will have a bad moral effect on the homeland, do not be overwhelmed by that worry: rather, exploit the principle fully by first using our own air power deep in the enemy's homeland! This gospel impressed Mitchell and still inspires our Strategic Air Command.

Observations which Mitchell himself made in Britain—of Britain's ground-based airplanes unable to operate beyond the shore line, and sea-based airplanes forbidden to come within the shore line, with resultant happiness for the enemy led him to a conviction that all of a nation's air power should be

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under one command; likewise that all its military power, land, sea, and air alike, should be united, and united to a far tighter degree than exists even now in the Department of Defense. His enthusiasm for air power led him to extreme views about the limitations of the other armed services; thus, "an army's value lies only in holding the ground; it cannot conquer it" and "a navy's value lies only in underseas operations." Well, other prophets of the past—and the present—have been overenthusiastic.

Here, in any case, is a presentation of very advanced thinking on aviation of that day. It runs through a text that narrates with enthusiasm, rather than literary art, the World War I events which came to Mitchell's wide-roving attention. He had gone to Europe as a military observer in March, 1917, and thus was on the spot when America entered the war—"before Pershing in Europe," as he captions his opening chapter. He raced along the Western front and to England; he participated in some lively infantry and artillery actions; he studied aviation activities from factory and training school to combat, and from observation balloon to fighter-plane; he marveled at French skill with camouflage (shell-holes were simulated to deceive the German artillery-spotters, and a dead horse's carcass in no-man's-land was at length replaced by an imitation carcass of identical shape and color—actually a less odorous hiding place for a French observer).

So passionate a zealot as Mitchell could not hide either his admiration or his rages. Years after the war he continued to denounce violently many aspects of the American airplane program of 1917-18 ("a foolish and disastrous move," "scheming politicians," etc.); our training program ("under non-flying officers who knew nothing of aviation"); our first new wave of aviation officers ("almost none of whom had ever seen an airplane; a more incompetent lot of air warriors had never arrived . . . these carpetbaggers"), and their leader, General Ben Foulois, who, for all Mitchell's dislike, the present publisher remarks tartly, had been the Army's most active flyer long before Mitchell ever thought of becoming a pilot. But there are pleasant pictures of General Pershing and of numerous other wartime heroes.

There is a proud report of the first action by an American air unit, and later of the air element's mounting operations until Mitchell himself briefly commanded the largest array of American and Allied air units ever assembled up to that time. And there is a proud summary of American pioneering air accomplishments, for which no one had a larger responsibility than Mitchell.

FICTION

Literary Chamber of Horrors

"The Saragossa Manuscript," by Jan Potocki; *edited by Roger Caillois (Orion Press. 233 pp. $5), written by a Polish nobleman in 1804, is a volume of tales of supernatural adventures. Leo Lerman is a literary critic whose special interest is in the literature of the past century.*

By Leo Lerman

THE GOTHIC NOVEL or novella is to the ages of fiction what adolescence is to the ages of man. Both are hot with outrageous fevers. Desire suddenly breeds monstrous jungles. Nightmaretime sets in radiantly. We understand in part while much remains incomprehensible. Childhood fantasies and adult pressures crash like leviathans mid-air. Phantasmagoria ensues. This is the climate in works of fiction from Mrs. Radcliffe's "The Mysteries of Udolpho" and Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto" to stories by Isak Dinesen and Truman Capote. It conditions the music of Weber and Berlioz. It is the substance of Fuseli's paintings and drawings. It is the essential meaning of Goyesque. Its charnel winds blew a gale during the first decades of the nineteenth century, roaring out of Germany and England to St. Petersburg in Russia, to remote cities and villages in America. Charles Brockden Brown, Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edgar Allan Poe were caught up in this Gothic storm.

In St. Petersburg, le Comte Jan Potocki (pronounced Pototski), a great Polish nobleman, traveler, diplomat, archeologist, and ethnologist, issued, in 1804 and 1805, *"Manuscrit trouvé à Saragosse"* ("Manuscript Found in Saragossa"). Additional tales were published in Paris almost a decade later. This collection, written in French and now published for the first time in English, is indisputably a classic in the Gothic mode. There is, happy thought, more to come, for only a portion of the original Potocki manuscripts, Decameron-esque in form, divided into sixty-six days, is included here.

Count Potocki's special domain within the Gothic is the hallucinatory, the metamorphic—what has come to be known as the surreal. The "manuscript" is presumably discovered by an officer in the French Army, after the capture of Saragossa. Its contents are supposedly experienced and set down by a young Spanish captain in the Walloon Guards, returned to Spain from France, stopping the night at an abandoned inn upon whose alms box is fastened the following notice: "Traveler, take pity and pray for the

"Okay, chump, start walking!"

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soul of Gonzalez of Murcia, late innkeeper of the Venta Quemada. Above all, go your way and under no pretext tarry here for the night." As in all wonderful sagas of the supernatural, the reader's heart instantly pulses faster. Moreover, the pace never falters.

On the very next page a clock, heretofore neglectful of its duties, chimes midnight (". . . there was something weird and mournful about its ringing . . ."), a door opens, a figure "all black" glides in, ". . . a beautiful Negress, half naked and carrying a torch in each hand." Then follows a chronicle of what happens to the traveler who ventures into the wild fastnesses of the Sierra Morena, "that lofty chain of mountains that separates Andalusia from La Mancha . . ." Traveler (and reader) are "assailed by a thousand terrors that would freeze the blood of the boldest man." They hear "wailing voices mingled with thundering torrents and howling storms; false lights [lead them] astray, and invisible hands push [them] towards the edge of bottomless precipices."

Oh, those false lights! What would the supernatural be without them? Here they light the way to gorgeous sisters who could be succubae, vampires, even corpses descended from gallows and cutting erotic capers. They light the way to cabalists, hermits, brigands, Gypsies, sheiks, wraiths, knights in distress, and fair ladies quite undistressed. The whole romantic gallery is here. But nowhere in "The Saragossa Manuscript" are people and things quite what they seem to be. Stains upon the rotting ceilings of deserted castles and inns can turn into sumptuous seraglios replete with explicitly detailed houri charms. Whereupon our hero can sit up with a start and find himself "lying under the gallows of Los Hermanos . . . Then I noticed that I was lying on a conglomeration of rope, broken wheels, remains of human carcasses and the ghastly rags that had rotted and dropped from their bodies." Le Comte Jan Potocki (1761-1815) of Krzeszowice near Cracow in Poland and Francisco José de Goya y Lucientes (1746-1828) born near Saragossa in Spain have much, it would seem, in common.

The Gypsies of the Sierra Morena had, in the heady days of this chronicle, the reputation "of eating the travelers they murdered." "The Saragossa Manuscript" is equally cannibalistic. It consumes readers, but with astonishment (how can this Gothic masterwork have been so long untranslated?) and with delight. When, Orion Press, are we to have the remaining fifty-two days?

A Sigh for Those Days Gone By

"Lament for a City," by Henry Beetle Hough *(Atheneum. 371 pp. $4.75), describes a newspaper editor's disillusionment with the changes that time brings to a small New England city. Martin Tucker, who teaches English at Long Island University, frequently comments on contemporary fiction.*

By Martin Tucker

MR. HOUGH is an accomplished journalist (he won a Pulitzer Prize in 1918), and for twenty years he has been the co-editor and publisher of *The Vineyard Gazette*, in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. His novel is about the decline of idealism in a small New England town, and in particular about a newspaper which has exchanged its fighting stance for a seat on the fence of patriotism, optimism, and liberal conservatism. By the book's end, the newspaper has absorbed its only competitor (Mr. Hough is clearly symbolizing the dangers he sees of Bigness gobbling up small independents everywhere), and the paper and the town are on their way to well-monied insecurity.

The novel is popular pabulum, yet it is also a curiosity. At all times interesting, it is never fascinating, compelling, real, or alive. The characters are finely etched caricatures, the crises predictable, and the final resolution melodramatic. Yet the evident sincerity of the author's messages and his quiet, orderly tone offer many insights into the mind of a small-town newspaperman. The book's power is not to be denied, but its power is less that of fiction than of a good newspaper story.

The main theme centers around the loss of the proud, reforming tradition which characterized the coastal city of Hindon. Hindon has changed for the worse, and it is this theme, stated and restated, that gives the book its narrowest escape from triteness. Everything is loaded against the *new* Hindon. Connie Tyler, the narrator, comes to the city as a reporter and rises to become managing editor of the *Courier-Freeman*. He misses the honesty, vitality, gruffness, and passion of Hindon's early days. He despises the vulgarity and conformism of a 1960 Hindon that is like any other small city in America. In a sentence, Tyler yearns for the good old days.

I wish I could believe more wholeheartedly in Tyler's passionate outcry against the creeping mediocrity in Hindon's character. But as Hough writes it, it is all too one-sided. Only old-fashioned villains and heroes carrying familiar symbols appear in his book. Take Tyler. He believes in integrity, he fights against McCarthyism, he understands the poverty of the poor, he drinks too much, and he gets increasingly bitter and isolated in his old age. He is everything a good reporter should be—liberal, unsentimental, clear-sighted, and cussed. Take the villain, Guy Baldry, the new slick publisher who comes from out of town (this act alone, in Tyler's eyes, puts him in a dubious category). He is "worldly," "shrewd," anxious to please, "a small boy still boasting but trying hard not to cry." Or Deborah, the beautiful eccentric with money.

Hough has written a book with which it is difficult to disagree. No one is against integrity or freedom of speech. But though I agree with everything his hero says, I do not think I would fight to the death for his opportunity to say it. It has been said before with more passion, though perhaps not with as evident a journalistic skill.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 891

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 891 will be found in the next issue.

LACLABNFLGK LC

DNFNSK H DNGPTX

RK MPLBP MN

BHA DOSGLQSK

TOF QNFCTAHSLGLNC

TCBHF MLSXN

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 890

As for what you're calling hard luck—well, we made New England out of it. That and codfish.

—BENET.

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Saturday Review

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The Dialogue of the Deaf

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is by Harlan Cleveland, Dean of the Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs, Syracuse University, and the co-author of "The Overseas American," recently published by McGraw-Hill.*

NO course in international relations could compete in educational value with the vivid experience we all have shared as American citizens these past few weeks.

Let's be frank. We tripped. We fell flat on our faces. And before we leap up and rush headlong toward an uncertain future, we have the obligation to learn something from the error of our ways. As Lester Pearson has suggested, we have been everywhere—to the Summit, in the foothills, everywhere but on the level. It is time that we level with ourselves.

Talking with the Russians is by no means the most important work we have to do in the world. But since that is where we tripped, let us start with summitry, with this curious new form of diplomacy, the open disagreement openly arrived at. Father Dominique Pire, a recent winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, has called it *le dialogue des sourds*, the dialogue of the deaf.

The mutual deafness is a double infirmity, on both sides. It is not just that the Russians cannot hear us and we cannot hear them—though our mutual sound-proofing is by itself a serious enough threat to the world's destiny. But the deafness is domestic as well as international. Within the Soviet Union, a solicitous government, anxious not to have its citizens disturbed by hearing different views of man and society, stops their ears as a matter of policy. In the United States, on the other hand, freedom is untrammeled—freedom for the Government to put its foot in its mouth, the freedom of the citizen to listen to so many other things, from advertising jingles at 7:00 a.m. to Jack Paar at midnight, that he cannot hear the ticking of destiny's time clock.

Given all the competing noise, we naturally pay attention to international diplomacy only when it fairly screams for us to listen. And that means we mostly listen to the wrong subjects at the wrong times.

Consider the recent fiasco in Paris. If you go to a convention of newspaper editors these days, you will find them patting themselves on the back for the front-page attention they gave to the abortive summit meeting. But that was just the trouble: an ill-prepared and ill-fated conference was widely represented as fateful and historic.

That was precisely what the Soviet strategists wanted us to believe. For they have discovered our Achilles heel: a fatal weakness for paying attention to only one crisis at a time. The Russians discovered, almost by accident, that if they build one big irrelevant bonfire to attract our fascinated gaze, we will forget to do most of the other things we should be doing. Berlin has taken our eyes off Asia, Africa, and Latin America for more than a year.

For a dozen years now, we have repeatedly fallen into the same bear-trap. Starting in 1946 with Russian threats to Turkey and the attempt to take over Iran's northern province of Azerbaijan, there has been a continuous series of trumped-up crises, but always one at a time: the Berlin blockade, the invasion of South Korea, the Indochina crisis, the attack on Quemoy and the Matsu Islands, the threat to Laos, and now the Berlin threat again.

In short, we have spent more than a decade *talking* with the Communists about subjects of *their* choosing, rather than *acting* on subjects of *our own* choosing. The world's power structure is not going to be changed by what we say to the Communists; it is going to be changed by what we do in those parts of the world we *can* reach by promoting rapid economic development, by the calm intent to resist aggression anywhere, by the repeated demonstration that neither diplomatic truculence nor military power will get Communists anywhere, by their gradual realization that world domination is simply not within their grasp, and never will be.

I am not saying that we should not talk with the Communists anywhere and everywhere, at every possible level, about any matter that seems to be in the slightest degree negotiable. Our willingness to talk at unreasonable length with anybody is an essential part of our posture of peace. But we should not, for this purpose, engage the full attention of our first team. The President should not get involved in conversations that have not been so thoroughly prepared ahead of time that some measure of real accommodation among the summiteers is assured. At the Foreign Ministers level, we must somehow preserve the Secretary of State from permanent incarceration in meeting rooms.

FOR a new kind of diplomacy in which talk is subordinated to action we are very badly prepared. For neither the American people nor their government have yet made the psychological transition from the era of *foreign relations* to the era of *foreign operations.*

Ever since the Most Serene Republic of Venice invented it during the Renaissance, modern diplomacy has been the rarefied process whereby gentlemen selected both for their brains and for their gentlemanliness dealt with each other as one aristocrat to another.

Our own diplomacy started this way; but we were such late arrivals on the scene that, ironically, we started a career diplomatic service just when (in the 1920s) the whole foundation of arm's-length, capital-city, aristocrat-level diplomacy began to crumble away. Today, the content of "international relations" is the internal affairs of other nations, and (for Americans) the character of our participation in those internal affairs. We no longer deal only *with* other nations, we deal *inside* them.

Most of our operations inside other countries are open and above-board, indeed they are enthusiastically wel-

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comed by the governments of the countries involved. Technical aid to industry or agriculture, information libraries, gifts of modern weapons, and the offer to train foreign armies in their use—nobody thinks of these as "interference" or "intervention." Yet every such activity, and every American sent abroad to administer it, helps determine by what kind of institutions other peoples will be governed. And sometimes, as in Iran or Guatemala or Korea, our political operations are all too obvious. Some of our foreign operations, however, are hidden not only from foreigners but from Americans. It appears that a growing proportion of all the overseas activity of our Government is being stuffed into the clandestine channel—partly, perhaps, to avoid explaining to the American public the depth of their involvement with other nations' affairs.

MOST of the world's governments do not seem to be much surprised at the revelation that we are spying on the Soviets, using the airfields of our Allies as bases for this work. Moreover, they are reasonably relaxed about our other forms of international involvement, our aid programs, propaganda activity and the like. After all, they are doing the same things themselves to the extent that they have the power and resources. The Soviets, who spy more systematically and intervene more brazenly across international frontiers than any other nation, are protesting too much for that very reason. So we can expect the trumped-up furore to die down after a time. Reciprocal involvement of the nations in each other's domestic affairs will then continue—and world-wide secret intelligence work will continue.

What concerns me about the U-2 incident, therefore, is not just the international effects but the impact on our own thinking. That the American Government is deeply immersed in the domestic politics of other nations—to the extent that it can even change the internal alignments inside the Kremlin from a single-engine plane at 65,000 feet—is still a shocking idea to most Americans.

We still think of foreign affairs as the foreigners' affairs, and of the overseas Americans as temporary volunteer firemen rather than as professionals on permanent assignment. That is why the training of Americans for overseas service is so primitive, so often irrelevant to the kinds of jobs they will really have to do abroad. That is why there is still such tenuous support for foreign aid. That is why we still think of the Voice of America as a device for "selling America," rather than a means of communication with other peoples about their problems.

If we can free ourselves from the hypnotic effect of summitry, and get used to the idea that our main job in foreign affairs is to help other nations build successful free societies, then the decade ahead of us holds exciting prospects indeed.

What will determine the power structure of the world in our time is the rate of economic growth achieved and the kinds of political institutions established in what Paul Hoffman calls the one-and-a-quarter billion people.

Within the countries of the West, the administrators of democracy have disproved Marx's famous prediction that the rich would get richer and the poor would get poorer. But in the world at large, we have yet to disprove Lenin's brilliant adaptation of the Marxian dogma—the prediction that the rich *nations* would get richer and the poor *nations* poorer.

Yet we have not resolved to guarantee the economic growth of the free world, though we quite literally have the power to do so in concert with our Western democratic friends. We are not doing it yet on a serious scale because we have not yet decided *why* we should do it. And in democratic politics, it is not enough to decide to act, we have to decide why we are prepared to act.

So far, we have been giving ourselves only one main reason for exercising the leadership which has fallen to us. That one reason is the challenge of Russian competition. Our leaders have been acting as though fear of the Russians is the only dependable motivation that will assure wide public support of any major foreign policy move. They are wrong; fear is always too narrow a base for public support of what the Government needs to do. Even in wartime, when the basis for fear is obvious, the American people have had to be moved by positive appeals to hope for a better future. Wilson summoned us to make the world safe for democracy, Franklin Roosevelt bid us guarantee the Four Freedoms to all men. Fear-driven anti-Communism does, of course, provide a short-run spur to action, but it also produces neurotic actions and, in the long run, bad policy.

Fortunately, we are quite capable of doing things for *more* than one reason at the same time. If the U.S. foreign-aid programs still, in spite of everything, retain a tenuous public support, it is because they are not only part of the Mutual Security Program but also part of the American tradition of humanitarian action, with an impressive degree of political support from church groups, labor unions, women's organizations, and other groups that think of themselves as the conscience of the nation. The limited program of foreign operations we now have survives in about the same form from year to year because it is both good anti-Communism and good humanitarianism—and, for the farmers and some businessmen, it is good business, too. It is in the nature of our pluralistic society that we normally have plural reasons, even mutually conflicting reasons, for taking any major action in our public and international affairs.

BEYOND all the obvious reasons for acting more vigorously to make sure the poor countries get richer, there is one that our leaders don't usually make speeches about, because it's so hard to express without sounding sentimental. The truth is that *we* need this kind of action, even more than our friends in the less developed areas need for us to take it. We need it for our own morale. We need it because it is the next big national effort (short of war) into which we can throw our immense and restless American energies. It is the successor to the Revolutionary War, the opening of the West, the struggle over the Union, the freeing of the slaves, the molding of industrial power, the acquisition of the Philippines and the Open Door in China, the trust-busting frenzy and the conservation crusade, the New Freedom and the New Deal, the war to save democracy and the war to establish the United Nations, the Marshall Plan for European recovery and Point Four, that renewed glimmering of concern for the non-European world.

We have to get on with the job of proving that people can get welfare, security, justice and a sense of achievement, through participation in free institutions managed by leaders they can choose—and replace. We have to do this to validate our own profound convictions about the nature of man and his proper relationship to society. For the words which express our deepest aspirations—words like liberty, equality, brotherhood, the dignity of man—must be constantly repurchased on the open market of public action.

The preacher, the philosopher, and the poet have been agreed for centuries that human beings are all members one of another; as John Donne put it, every man is "involved in Mankinde." But the conditions of the modern world, the rapid scientific and political changes and the deep involvement of the nations in each other's internal affairs, have decreed that our involvement must be more than spiritual and closer than arm's-length. We know in our hearts that we are in the world for keeps, yet we are still tackling 20-year problems with 5-year plans staffed with 2-year personnel working with one-year appropriations. It's simply not good enough. —HARLAN CLEVELAND.

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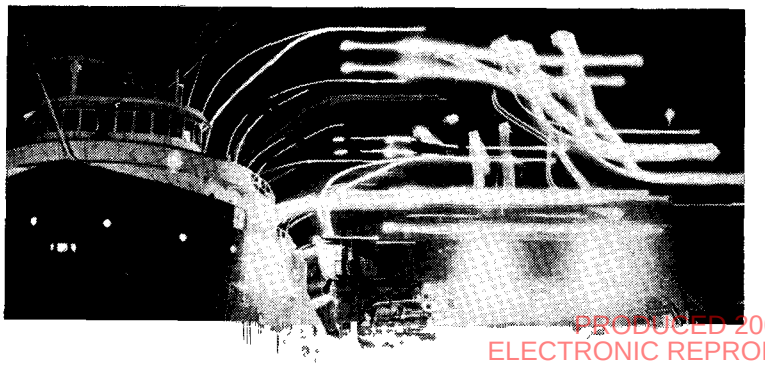
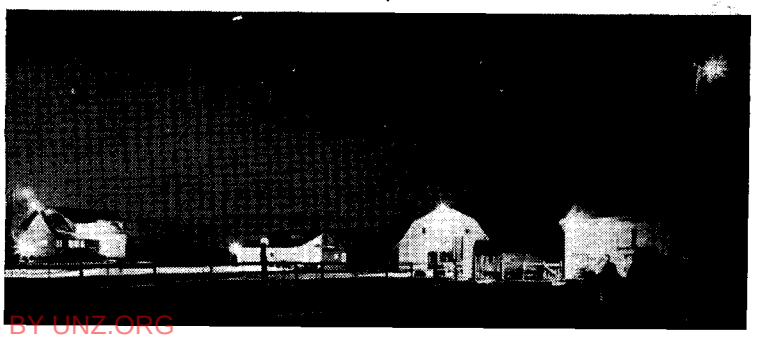
ORE DOCK, ASHTABULA, OHIO. TIME EXPOSURE SHOWS STREAKS FROM MOVING LIGHTS ON LOADING MACHINERY



ELECTRIFIED FARM, VALLEY CENTER, KANSAS



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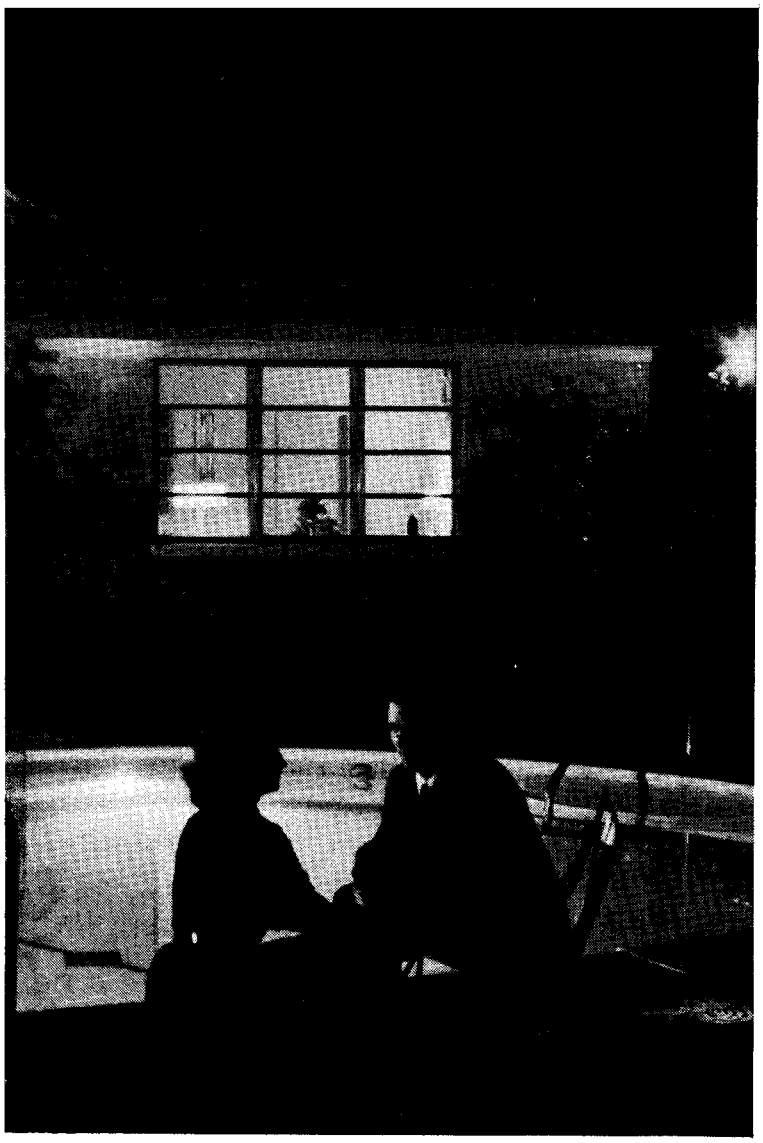
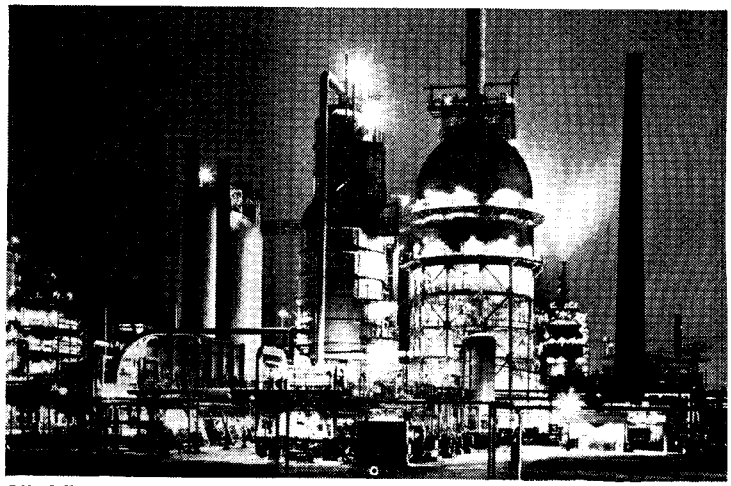
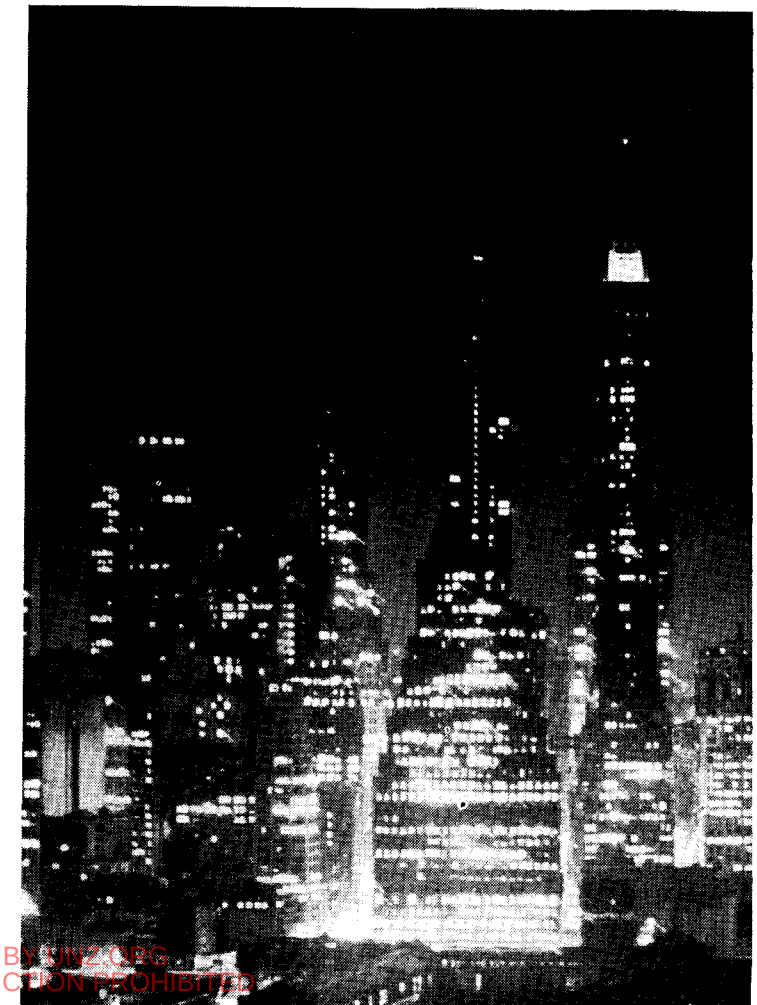


HUGE STEEL PLANT AT YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO



OIL REFINERIES AT PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS

BIG-CITY SKYSCRAPERS, NEW YORK



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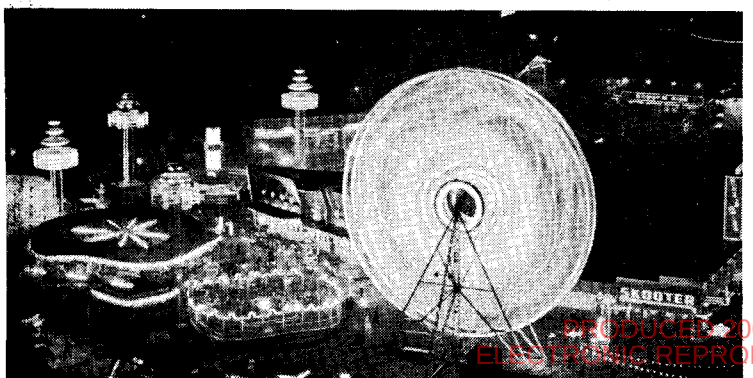

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BOOK NOTES

SCHOLARS AND LIBRARIANS have good reason to be grateful to you for publishing Virginia Gildersleeve's article on "The Lost Half-Century" [*SR*, May 14]. I would like to bring it to the attention of your readers that the half-century need not be lost.

The reason that I am persuaded to say this is that recent developments in technology put within our grasp the possibility of rescuing the printed page in easily legible form, if we will only organize ourselves properly to get the job done.

Miss Gildersleeve acknowledges that the job could be done by microfilm, but she expresses two concerns on this point. One is that microfilm is not of proved permanence. Be that as it may, we do know that microfilm has good prospects of longevity, and also that making a new copy in microfilm form from a deteriorating copy is a relatively simple and inexpensive operation. Even if microfilm had to be reproduced every half-century—most expert opinion is certainly against such a necessity—the feasibility of doing so is well established.

In the second place, she objects to having to use microfilm as the ultimate form of the texts to be preserved. With the recent availability of Haloid's Xerography process, this obstacle can be overcome, since an easily readable reproduction which comes close to the original print in quality, and can be in larger print if desired, can now be made on high quality permanent paper stock. The cost is not low, compared to the original cost of a single copy at the original list price of a publication, but in general it is not much higher.

To be more precise, with a microfilm copy in hand, a full-size book can be reproduced in a single copy for about 3½¢ per page, with a paper cover. If a modest edition is prepared, the cost per copy is somewhat lower. A 300-page book would thus be reproduced for $10.50 in a single copy.

A cooperative plan of activity among the country's research libraries (there is no reason against including foreign libraries also), could go a long way toward keeping alive the material produced in Miss Gildersleeve's lost half-century, and it is suggested that encouragement be given them to develop and execute such a plan. Much of the cost would not need to represent new buying; it would be substitute buying, that is, buying Xerox Copyflo copies of needed books instead of going into the rare book market to secure copies of the deteriorating original editions.

Once librarians knew that a particular title could be secured on demand in this form, many of them could throw away their decaying copies, and supply themselves in those cases where a demand developed, with the new-form copies, thus saving on rebinding costs and also (at least for a time) the costs of space for shelving.

Thousands of books of our lost half-century are already available on order in Xerox form. Let us encourage libraries to expand this number on a planned cooperative basis until the problem is solved.

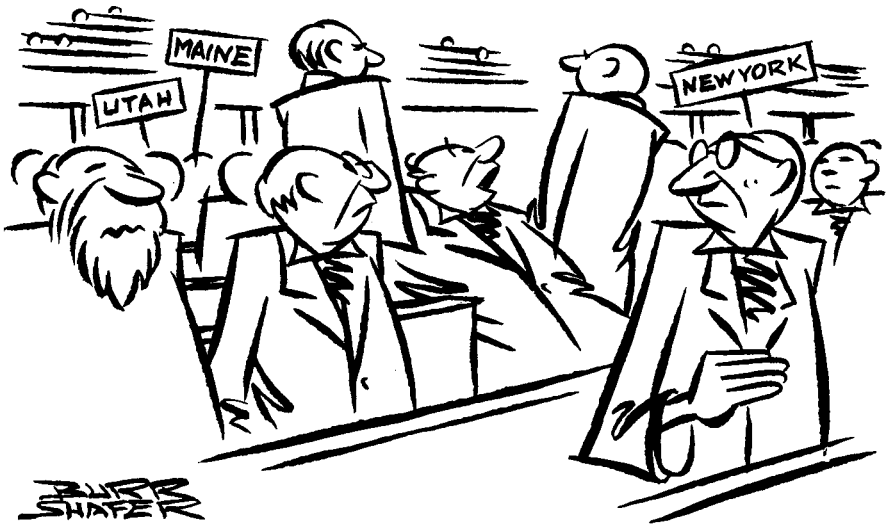
LUTHER H. EVANS,
Formerly Librarian of Congress.
Washington, D.C.

WILL YOU KINDLY publish this letter correcting a statement in my article, "The Lost Half-Century"?

The New York Times no longer publishes a rag paper edition. This was discontinued at the end of June, 1953. There is however, still a microfilm edition of *The Times*, which is used for records and may be subscribed for.

I greatly regret the lack of complete and accurate information on this subject in my article.

VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE.
Chatham, Mass.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"No! No! I meant throw the *other* rascals out!"

LEWIS AND HIS MAN GANTRY

MAXWELL GEISMAR'S "Sinclair Lewis: Forgotten Hero" [*SR*, June 25] was by all odds the funniest piece of writing you have printed this year, with all due respect to the writers who are intentionally funny. It reminded me of Lewis himself—a man who wrote straight so badly, and with such narrow vision, that people assumed he *had* to be a satirist.

It occurs to me that it's time that some young critic—anybody but the lint-picking John Aldridge—examines Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, *et al*, and tells us, by the numbers, that the chronology-minded professors who compiled the college textbooks and therefore set standards of taste and comparison were impressed by newness and not by thought and talent. It's difficult to live with the fact that so many literary acrobats of the past are revered while the serious actors of our time (such as Norman Mailer) are dismissed by The Establishment.

RICHARD GEHMAN.
Carmel, N.Y.

MAXWELL GEISMAR'S ARTICLE is so vastly more perceptive than Arthur Knight's review of the movie "Elmer Gantry" that printing the two pieces side by side marks a high in concongruity.

Geismar's delineation of Lewis as satirist, symbolist, and prophet moves me to heightened resentment of the "sweetening up" process which Knight describes and of his judgment that the screenplay is an "improvement" on the book.

If, as Knight suggests, Lewis himself in his latter days might have sanctioned this saccharine travesty, that does not justify the debasement of an honorable title. The name "Elmer Gantry" should stand forever in the USA for stark portrayal of that characteristic and coddled sin—religious hypocrisy.

ELOISE TUDOR.
Oceano, Calif.

WOULD YOU THANK Arthur Knight for his most perceptive review of "Elmer Gantry"? He has made me anxious to see a movie made from a book I detested.

MARY LOIS DUNN.
Houston, Tex.

DETECTIVE WORK

IN HERBERT READ'S review of "The Diary of Benjamin Robert Haydon," edited by Willard B. Pope [*SR*, May 21], we are misinformed that Haydon's " 'Christ's Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem' . . . is still to be seen in the Cincinnati Art Museum."

I wonder if either Willard Pope or Herbert Read ever set foot in the Cincinnati Art Museum. I have many times since 1925 and I never saw the aforementioned painting. In fact, I never saw it at all until May 30, 1960, when I made my way to Norwood, Ohio, and found it in a recreation room at Saint Mary's Seminary.

CHARLES H. ELAM,
Curator,
Dayton Art Institute.
Dayton, O.

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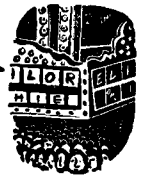


SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Chicago Revisited

HOLLYWOOD'S FILM MAKERS, liberated from many of the restraints of the industry's Production Code and ignoring some of the constraints of the Catholics' Legion of Decency, continue to explore that part of our literary heritage barred from the screen by these agencies until recently. The latest to achieve a filmic incarnation is James T. Farrell's inflammatory **"Studs Lonigan,"** a trilogy that managed to offend not only the Catholic Church, but many a squeamish reader when it first appeared in the mid-1930s. Its realism was too real, its sex too candid, its delineation of "the way things are" too unorthodox and controversial for the staid and conventional reader. But the author was almost defied by the rebellious generation that was growing up in the Thirties. He wrote fearlessly and well—and the oldsters hated him. The wonder is not that it took so long to get "Studs" onto the screen, but that he ever managed to find his way there at all.

Merely deciding to film the book required enormous courage, for the controversy still rages. But daring of another kind was also required. **"Studs"** has no plot, in the ordinary sense; rather, it depicts the gradual disintegration of its wilful, aimless hero through the Twenties and on into the depression-ridden early Thirties. It is less a novel than a chronicle, a long series of incidents leading the way from youthful confidence and hope to disenchantment, defeat, and death. To compress all of this into the running time of a normal motion picture while preserving its theme and intent, as screenwriter Philip Yordan has done, took real craftsmanship – quite apart from the additional difficulties encountered in projecting Studs's fantasies and inner confusions.

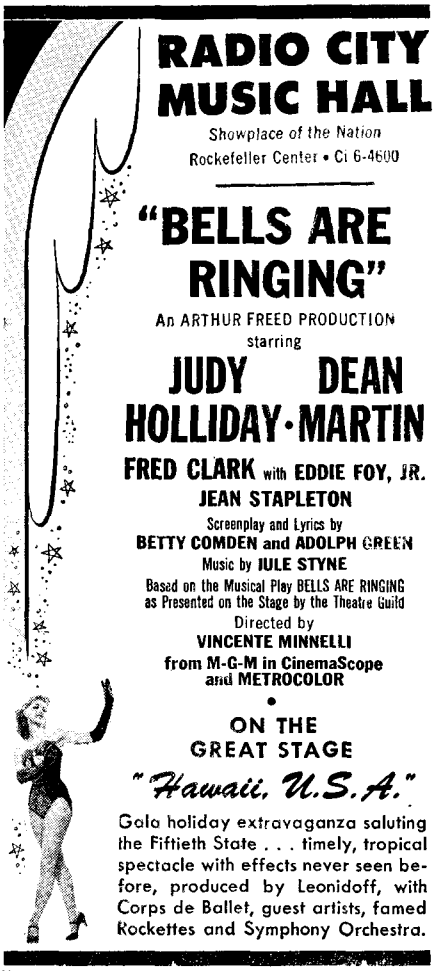
Even more skilful is Irving Lerner's direction of this material. With abrupt cuts and a camera that constantly searches out and highlights the significant detail, he creates a rich tapestry of Chicago in the Twenties, a tapestry filled with shadows and with faces that emerge briefly, sharply, from the swift-changing background. The photography, by Haskell Wexler, achieves a texture and dynamic all too rare on the American screen. And the score, by Gerrald Goldsmith, captures the loneliness, the emptiness of Studs, and the ricky-ticky rhythms of the 1920s without once resorting to the easy device of using nostalgic popular songs.

Where the film does fall down, and badly, is in the central character, as played by Christopher Knight. Physically the ideal Studs—young, good-looking, intense—his stiffness and inexperience seem repeatedly to block the gathering momentum of the action and to inhibit the sense of reality that Mr. Lerner is creating. Although Studs, of necessity, dominates the film, the director seems happiest when he can cut away from him, using reaction shots (as in an extraordinary speakeasy sequence in which Studs and his gang tease a drunken prostitute) or Studs's own fantasies (as when, drunkenly, he confuses a high-school teacher with a burlesque stripper) instead of shots of the boy himself.

Mr. Lerner has compared his film, with considerable justification, to Fellini's "I Vitelloni" of a few years back. Modestly, he was speaking of the theme, of a lost, purposeless, confused generation growing up in fear of love and responsibility. But the overtones of the earlier work extend even to style, where a spiritual emptiness is reflected in empty, rain-drenched streets, and aimlessness finds expression in kaleidoscopic, impressionistic glimpses of the daily monotony that fills these young men's passing years. Still, it is a bold and admirable venture, this "Studs Lonigan"—as bold in terms of the American screen today as was Farrell's novel in terms of the literary scene almost thirty years ago.

SUCH BOLDNESS is but one of the many lacks in **"The Story of Ruth"** as written for the screen by Norman Corwin and directed by Henry Koster. Perhaps boldness is not to be expected of a Biblical spectacular costing upwards of $5,000,000, although at this point it would certainly be welcomed; but at least some sense of proficiency and professionalism, if not spirituality, would seem to be in order. Unhappily, the cast, with a solitary exception, seems as awkward and inept in coping with the beards and costumes of Biblical times as with the pseudo-Biblical dialogue supplied by Mr. Corwin. The exception is the veteran stage actress, Peggy Wood, whose weathered portrait of Naomi gives the film its sole claim to dignity and distinction.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.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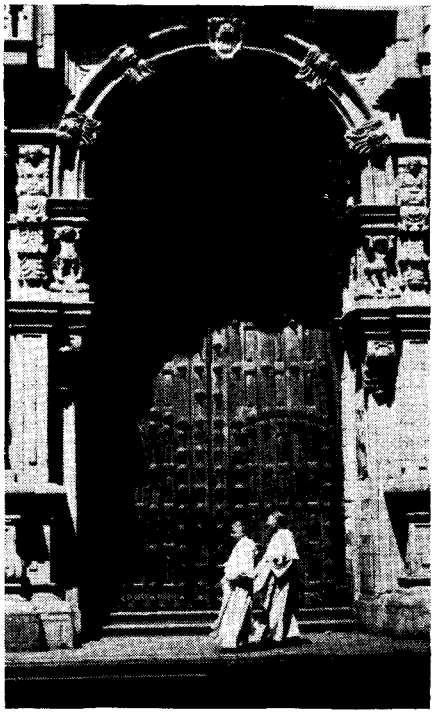
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

January in June

—*Photos by Panagra*

Lima Country Club—outside the door, gnarled olive trees planted in 1650.

Lima Palace—guards in black horsehair.



Lima Cathedral—Pizarro in a glass catafalque.

LIMA

IT WAS THE beginning of the summer in the North and the beginning of the winter in the South. On the plumb line that drops southward from New York, the first jets began to fly last week, driving down by way of Miami and Panama to Lima, and across the white Andes to Buenos Aires. It was the beginning, here at the time of the solstice, of the DC-8 service by Panagra, the airline that is half Pan American Airways and half W. R. Grace & Co., along its traditional routing to the land of the Incas and beyond to Buenos Aires, fifth largest city in the world.

Now at last the jet tracks were laid along both coasts of South America, the continent the tourist has nearly overlooked. Pan American with its Boeings, and Aerolineas Argentinas with its Comets, were in full flight on the East coast, and Varig, the airline of Brazil, stood poised to commence its Boeing leaps from New York nonstop to Brazil.

As usual, the ground operations were lagging behind the airplane manufacturers. Varig would be required to land at Brasilia because Rio's jet airport was not yet ready. Panagra itself was bringing its new jets into an inhospitable military airport, stiffly patrolled by air police until the jet runway is ready at the new international airport that will service Lima. Alas, the buildings to accompany the new strip are not scheduled for completion until the early part of 1961. Because the temporary military runway is unpossessed of adequate lighting, these first jets must arrive from the north by day. Because of Panagra's required routing, which obliges it to stop in Miami and again in Panama, the flight departs New York at midnight, making *pas de chats* through the night to arrive at Lima at nine in the morning and Buenos Aires at four in the afternoon, Argentine time. Technically speaking, Panagra is flying from New York to Miami over the routes of National Airlines, and from Miami to Panama, a matter of two hours and a half, over a pathway technically assigned to Pan American. The in-flight times are reduced by better than an hour on each lap, but getting from New York to Lima is still a matter of ten hours and twenty-five minutes of elapsed time with two stops in between.

While I must confess my disappointment with the first jet scheduling down the West coast—New York-Lima nonstop could be traversed in about seven hours—the splendors that await under the Equator are both awesome and unique. Lima itself is a city of immense personality, a meeting place of high-cheek-boned Indians and high-fashion ladies. Its prime hotel, the 360-room Bolívar, is a gem of mellowed luxury redolent, in the European fashion, of that delicious blend of furniture polish and faded expensive perfume. The new eighty-room Riviera Hotel, like a satin-lined candy box, has been done along the lines of the Bamer in Mexico City. It charges 100 soles (about $4) more than the Bolívar whose single rooms are about $7 a day. The new middle-priced Savoy, open about a year, charges about sixty soles less. But coming in August is the enormous addition

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to the Crillón, a twenty-one story structure topped by a glassed-in eagle's nest, that will make it the largest hotel in South America. Panagra is winging in the furniture from the U. S. and Sweden to make the opening date. With its roof garden high above the city, its ballrooms, and its enormous block of guest rooms, the Crillón will open Peru's bid for convention business. Its rates, at $5 to $10 for single rooms, and $9 to $13 for doubles will certainly prove an added attraction to Americans so sorely tried by the high price of Stateside hostelries. Moreover there is the suburban pleasure of the Lima Country Club tucked away in the residential section which has members but invites travelers to stay in its 150 rooms that rent from $5 to $11, splash in its three swimming pools, dine in its glassed-in Acquarium Restaurant. Just outside the door is the residential section of San Isidro shaded by its gnarled olive trees that were planted in 1650 and still bear fruit. The beds of geraniums grow brilliant and red in the temperate climate of Lima just twelve degrees south of the Equator where the Humboldt current skims the tropical steam off the weather.

IT has been said, perhaps by wags, that Francisco Pizarro consulted the Indians before deciding where to establish the city of Lima. The location they suggested, so the story goes, was the Inca's revenge, for all winter long, from June through September, Lima is covered with a canopy of clouds and the streets are damp with an invisible rain. The late June Sunday I came to town was, incredibly, brilliant with sun, and I took advantage of the weather, riding out along the Pan American Highway, past the Inca Kola signs and the sand dunes where Limeños ski, past the low-cost housing project in the soft brown hills called the City of God, where 5,000 citizens pay less than $10 a month rent. Almost wholly camouflaged in the beige hills and the mist in from the sea lay the strange ruins of Pachacamac, the sacred city of the Incas, a Mecca that drew pilgrims bearing their offerings. In the Temple of the Sun the oracle spoke to the Inca and foretold the arrival of the white man and the ultimate demise of the Inca Empire. The white man, in the person of Hernando Pizarro, brother of Francisco, arrived, presumably on schedule, in 1533, and the sacred city, built about the middle 1300s on pre-Inca ruins, began its gradual decline into twentieth-century dust. There are still holes scattered around sprinkled with bones, presumably belonging to some long-departed Inca. The Temple of the Moon was uncovered only twenty years ago, and shards are being uncovered every day. It has become something of a dangerous game to journey up the coastline to Chancay where the Indians dip into the earth with long rods, probing for ancient graves surrounded by jugs sometimes filled with small treasures. The Indians are inclined to remove the jewelry and throw the pottery away. The white visitors retrieve the pottery and some try to take it out of the country. Both the Indian digging and the white souvenir collecting are against the law and lately a Briton was caught in the act and dispatched to a stretch in the Peruvian pokey.

There are, it would seem, enough treasures available for ready purchase in Peru without desecrating the nation's archaeological heritage before it can be uncovered by experts. The shops here are filled with llama rugs, alpaca rugs and the precious vicuña. Intricate geometric designs and cut-outs of llamas are pieced together in the rugs. Vicuña which is red and tan is used for a comforter and sometimes as a carriage cover. Alpaca come black, white, or brown, and like the llama, they can be domesticated. Vicuña and huanacos are largely wild, living in the high mountains, spitting like camels when they are angry. Indians eat llama, especially in the dish called *pachamanca* which is covered with banana fronds and cooked in the ground like a Hawaiian pig and served with sweet potatoes and beans.

Silver is a Peruvian specialty handed down from the Incas, who worked metal with great skill and tempered bronze granite cutters in a way that is unknown today. Stores are jammed shoulder to shoulder along the Jirón de la Unión, just around the corner from the Bolívar Hotel, but one must sift through the souvenir trinkets to unearth the better pieces. One called Old Cuzco, at 835, has adapted animal shapes from old Inca shards, possibly collected under the sands at Chancay, and the fey birds, the pumas engraved in the ancient stoneware have been adapted in pins, pill boxes, earrings and pendants. The only Peruvian gold I saw was displayed in a shop in the airport—handsome brooches in big chunky designs. The airport is also the place to buy Panama hats sold by an unshaven and rather furtive character who keeps his wares stuffed in a leather briefcase. I presume if the police come he melts into the crowd like an incoming passenger.

AS the day waned I drove down the Calle Lima in the old city, where the balconies hang over the street in the style so favored by the Spanish colonials. The guard was changing in the yard of the presidential palace, and if they were not exactly as snappy as the protectors of Buckingham Palace, still

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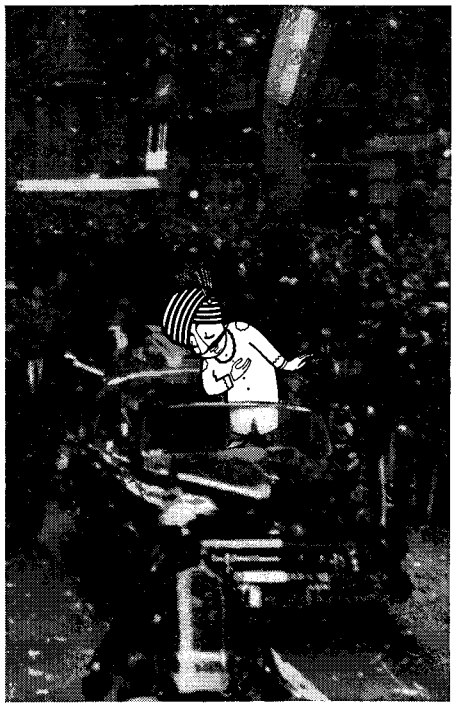

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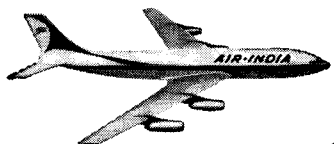

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they were a resplendent sight when drawn up at attention, black horsehair plumes spewing out of silver helmets, black tunics with brass buttons on the tail, red breeches, and black boots.

Across the Plaza de Armas the presidential palace looks at a row of department stores. And closing the square on the other two sides is the city hall facing the archbishop's palace and the Cathedral. Here it was that Lima was founded in January 18, 1535, by the man who lies inside the church, Francisco Pizarro. It was too late for a regular visit, but I had a friend who knew of a side door which is maintained by a friend who is susceptible to fiscal persuasion. The lights were flipped on and in a chapel off the nave, in a catafalque with glass windows lay the withered ruins of the Conquistador, his head wired to his shoulder, his vital organs sealed in a container that lay at his feet, the hole through his chest visited upon him by his assassins still visible.

The bells were tolling as we came down the steps of the cathedral and crossed the square. In the lobby of the Bolívar, elegant ladies in winter black were having tea. Later they would be snug in the nests of the 91, Lima's rooftop restaurant that is black as a mine except for the lights of the city beckoning beyond the glass and the flicker of the lamps under the fettucine. Deep in the grill room of the Bolívar, the meringués and sambas would chatter into the night, eddying across the square where the statue of José San Martín, who freed Peru from the Spaniards, stood immobile in the chill night, dappled by a wintry June moon.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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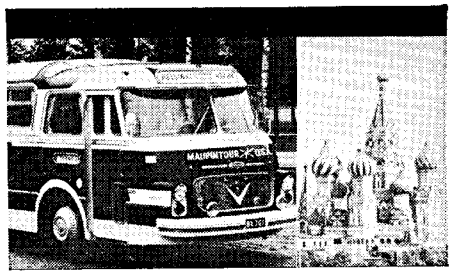

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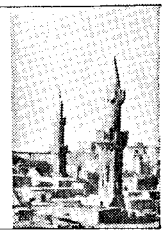

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TV AND RADIO

John's Other Advertiser

IF YOU WERE a member of the Advertising Federation of America your head would probably be spinning today. You attend one recent meeting and you hear Mr. Walter Guild, president of the Guild, Bascom & Bonfigli agency, make a speech. He declares that he "couldn't care less about the unfavorable opinions of advertising held by doctors, lawyers, college professors, and assorted eggheads." Mr. Guild, however, *is* concerned about the opinions of "Mrs. Housewife and the man in the street"—and these people are getting *very* mad about triple irritation in television—that is, interruption irritation, content irritation, and irritation by repetition. This triple-threat advertising "is addressed to boobs, and this country is not mostly made up of boobs." Substitute Friendly Persuasion for Triple Irritation and save the advertising business from government regulation—so says Mr. Walter Guild.

You go to another Federation meeting and you hear (of all things!) a college professor—Dr. Lawrence C. Lockley, Columbia University Graduate School of Business. "Is advertising blatant, lacking in refinement, materialistic?" asks Professor Lockley, and forthwith answers: "Of course it is! . . . People—like you and me—want easy lives. We want to have fun . . . the general tone of advertising is in tune with the general tone of the American people." You, Mr. Member, then recall the other meeting, and you remember hearing Mr. Earl W. Kintner, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, assert: "I firmly believe that the level of sophistication of the American public is rising steadily . . . all advertisers that traduce the rising standards of taste . . . run the risk of fanning the smoldering anger of the public into rampant flame." You wipe the confusing flashback out of your mind with an effort. The professor is now saying: "And if we attempt to add refinement, delicacy, and moderation to advertising, we shall have put it out of phase with the consumer, whose wishes and moods it now meets . . . It may well be that I am asking for an increase in the ubiquity and blatancy its critics complain of."

This is not only a matter of taste but of business necessity, Dr. Lockley goes on; to maintain a brisk market the consumer must be got "up from his comfortable chair to go out to shop." You get up from your uncomfortable convention chair and wander in a fever of confusion back to your comfortable Madison Avenue chair. You sit down wondering to which bugle call you should rise. Shall it be sophistication or shall it be blatancy? Fortunately, you are on the mailing list of the Schwerin Research Corporation, an international organization which conducts special tests for advertisers to measure the effectiveness of their TV and radio commercials. There on your desk is a brochure: "How to Increase the Selling Power of TV Commercials." Avidly you devour it and you find recommendations based on a sample audience testing of over 10,000 commercials in thirteen years. The wise way is keep 'em simple . . . one idea . . . demonstration is a TV forte . . . the electric razor taking the fuzz off the peach . . . make 'em longer instead of shorter if you can . . . show everybody favorably . . . be imaginative but stay close to reality . . . use romance, lots of romance—the strongest selling relationship . . . and the longer the jingle the more effective.

YOU may be interpreting the evidence falsely—but, on the basis of the Schwerin experience, does not Dr. Lockley have the edge over Mr. Guild and Mr. Kintner? "Not until people decide that they want to have meek spirits and contrite hearts will advertising stress plain living and high thinking. And when that time comes, I suspect we'll advertise that we have the best spirit humbler there is!" But perhaps you are confusing technique with philosophy. Isn't sophistication compatible with effectiveness? The speechmakers are all agreed that we should have *better* advertising: but what is better? Is it better in the dubious, subjective area of personal esthetic taste—or is it better in creating that artificial want and flushing that consumer up out of his easy chair—better, in a word, in switching him from one competitive brand to another? At this point, perhaps, you wish you were not an advertiser but a quiet, lonely roofer nailing objective shingles on noncompetitive roofs. You take your courage in your hand and go see a client and recommend and defend copy which will tend to build your profession rather than degrade it. But the dilemma grins at you. By the way—have you noticed any change in the commercials yet? Tune in next convention and find out.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Members of a Wedding

STRATFORD, ONTARIO

EVERY time we visit the Shakespearean Festival Theatre of Canada, we find ourselves deeply impressed by its harmonious beauty, and the theatrical sense of expectancy kindled by this open stage with its steeply pitched bowl of surrounding seats. Virtually undecorated, this is an enchanted platform. Its contract with us is bold and direct: "If you will work with the actors, they will create for you the totality of life. This stage will not be some literal, fixed location, but at any given moment will constitute the crucible in which the living elements of the play will interact."

Of all the directors who have worked in Stratford's first eight seasons, none has fulfilled this contract so well as has Michael Langham in this year's presentation of **"Romeo and Juliet."** He begins by generating on stage a tension based on vendetta, and the current of that tension eddies around everything that happens in the play. For instance, when Christopher Plummer portrays for us a jazzy Mercutio with antic disposition, we sense that his behavior is evoked by a desire to live where the current is strongest. And the hotheadedness of Douglas Rain's Tybalt is clearly his "square" over-adaptation to the same tensions.

Juliet is still too young to venture into the main stream of such forces, and Julie Harris, in a surprisingly well-achieved first attempt at Shakespeare, plays her as a green girl, a little like Frankie Addams of "The Member of the Wedding." With thirteen-year-old courage this fledgling eagerly volunteers for fantastic dangers, she knows only second-hand. And her love for Romeo is all the more exciting because it is forbidden. Romeo, as played by Bruno Gerussi, seems something else again. He is the youth who, while he can live with the jungle world of his friend Mercutio, rebels against it by retreat into the nursery of romance.

Bawdry swarms through the play, and while the nurse's earthy talk may cause Juliet to blush we see that she likes it, too. Mr. Langham has been most successful in preserving an erotic atmosphere, not by revealing costumes or winking innuendoes, but by unashamedly shared and relished ribaldry, and by between-speech silences during which the lovers can have the whim-whams something terrible. And he ends his first act wonderfully with Romeo almost knocking Friar Laurence down in his haste to complete the wedding ceremony. The Friar, played with just the right degree of humor by Tony Van Bridge, is memorably uproarious as he gives a startled look before regaining his ecclesiastical composure.

Then comes the duel between Tybalt and Mercutio, and Mr. Plummer plays it not incensedly, but simply as a man anxious to show up his pretentious opponent. Then, when Mercutio is mortally wounded, his continuing jokes reveal an individual stuck with the nothingness of his own bravado. There is no self-pity in this performance, only a brief breakdown in which for a line or two we see the man behind the mask. This is a moment in which Mr. Plummer could realize his potential greatness as an actor. On opening night he peeked into Hell but didn't enter.

After Romeo has been exiled for avenging Mercutio's death there is a nice scene in which Lord Capulet must announce his daughter's apparent death to Paris who arrived with merry marriage attendants under a golden-yellow canopy designed with vernal loveliness by Tanya Moiseitsch. Grotesquely the wedding flowers serve as funeral wreaths.

Happily Mr. Langham doesn't allow this play to wallow in the high tragic. The love of Romeo and Juliet is not Tristan and Isolde. It is the story of two kids killed by accident, and by parental thoughtlessness. Appropriately, Mr. Langham has ingeniously devised the suicide scene so that Juliet comes to life in time to see and hold her half-alive Romeo for a moment. Thus, he dies baffled at her resurrection and she comes fully alive only to see her reason for so doing die. It is as simple and irrevocable as missing a train.

Then for the play's final moment Mr. Langham has invented a similarly effective action. Montague and Capulet attempt to separate the bodies of their children only to find their hands locked in death. This restores the parents' perspective and they end their vendetta. It is a most moving and human ending to the best "Romeo and Juliet" I have ever seen.

Since the future of both this theatre and others that imitate its architectural shape depends upon getting top directing talents to learn how to use it, one can only applaud the festival for bringing England's Douglas Seale here to stage **"King John."** It is not to have been expected that in his first crack at the open stage, he would be able to master it, particularly with a play that is so incohesive and loosely structured. His great talent for reinforcing scenes with visual background detail is not very valuable to him here. What is useful is his determination to deal with content.

WHILE the results are not always compelling, they are intelligent and logical. We see the characters as a gallery of political opportunists suffering the horrors of reconciling their human feelings with their inhuman acts. Douglas Rain plays the king as a weak glutton lost without his mother's guidance. Christopher Plummer is most entertaining as the Bastard tempering his sardonicism with a winning naïveté. Particularly fine is the moment when he supports the truth-speaking Constance as she rails at one of her cowardly allies who boasts that if she had been a man he would have killed her. Mr. Plummer very quietly repeats the insulting "hang a calfskin on thy recreant limbs" which is not only marvelously funny, but also tells us that he is beginning to understand the falsity of the sane people who run the world and the truth that only the mad ones seem to possess. However, there is a monotony both in the text and in most of the other performances, and not enough feeling of progression into the soul-sickening processes of corruption. Least exciting of the three productions is **"A Midsummer Night's Dream."** Director Douglas Campbell has paid so much attention to the detail, that he has neglected to make us care about either the lovers, or Titania and Oberon, who resemble East Indian gypsies more than they do fairies. Add to this a strange wandering Puck and all that can save the day is Bottom and the tradesmen. But as Bottom, that excellent comic Tony Van Bridge doesn't have much of a chance to develop an augmentable line of humor amid the welter of double-takes, stutters, and planned maneuvers Mr. Campbell has inflicted on him and his cronies. Thus, much intelligent work is wasted, for the open stage thrives best not when it is illustrating or being clever, but when both the audience and the actor are wedded in the presence of the invisible forces that they are fully involved in creating. —HENRY HEWES.

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DEUTSCHLAND

Eastern Outpost of Freedom

"My Road to Berlin," by Willy Brandt as told to Leo Lania *(Doubleday. 287 pp. $4.50), is a plea from the mayor of West Berlin to maintain the freedom of that city. Grant S. McClellan is a member of the staff of the Foreign Policy Association–World Affairs Center.*

By Grant S. McClellan

IT IS heartening to have this testament from the mayor of West Berlin, Willy Brandt. It is a testament, which many in the West should read, from a German who stands at the crucial eastern outpost of the cold war in Europe.

Because it is the story of a European who sees East-West problems, posed so acutely in Berlin, in a perspective much the same as we see them, the book can be misleading. On one level it is a frank piece of propaganda for the cause of a free West Berlin. But it also recapitulates Brandt's history as journalist, underground opponent of Hitler's regime, Socialist, and German Democratic Party leader who may one day succeed Chancellor Konrad Adenauer in the West German Federal Republic. Although the author gives only the barest details of his full life's story, his book throws into focus events of the last quarter century as experienced by a European who had to meet the Hitlerian challenge in the most personal way. And Brandt also faces up to gnawing problems: Why the success of the Nazi program in Germany? And what of Hitler's legacy?

These are not the major themes of his book. They are, however, strong minor themes. Without having faced them in so forthright a way, both in his career and in this book, Brandt could not be what he is today, a courageous spokesman of his party in Germany and of democracy in Western Europe—the symbol of opposition to the Soviet Union's attempt to overthrow the Communist-surrounded enclave which is free Berlin.

Brandt and his co-author, Leo Lania, a former German journalist, later with the U.S. Office of War Information, have attempted to present both the biography of the mayor and that of Berlin. The result is often gripping, but only if the reader can bring many recollections to bear on the outline presented.

The sketchy notes about Brandt's life as a Social Democrat during the era of Hitler and after stand out in this brief chronicle. But what we need is autobiography in depth. For here are Germans we know all too little about. Son of a working mother, his father absent, his heritage determined by a grandfather in the Socialist tradition, Brandt was immunized from the Nazi virus which swept over Germany. One wonders, were there too few such grandfathers, such grandsons? Had the former fled to America earlier as the latter were forced to flee later?

Brandt left for Norway when Hitler assumed power, took citizenship there, and only narrowly escaped from Nazi captivity when his "second" country was overrun. He gratefully admits that he learned much about democracy from the Scandinavian sojourn. Passion for his ideals led him to the underground in the wartime Reich and later work

Willy Brandt—"met the Hitlerian challenge in the most personal way."

in the diplomatic corps in Berlin for the Norwegians. He had as a young journalist covered the Spanish Civil War; later he was to report the Nuremberg trials.

During all this time and after his resumption of German citizenship, he was intimately concerned with the Socialist movement in and outside Germany. It is of all these experiences we would most like to know more, however revealing Brandt's notes are about the renowned leaders of the Social Democratic movement, Julius Le-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

GENUS ROSA

The rose has long been the poet's darling, but the prose writer has by no means neglected it, particularly in christening a book. Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, asks you to assign the following roseate titles to the correct authors. Answers on page 36.

1. Helen Hull	( ) "One Red Rose for Christmas"
2. P. H. Newby	( ) "The White Rose of Memphis"
3. F. T. Giles	( ) "The Rainbow and the Rose"
4. Nevil Shute	( ) "Look at All Those Roses"
5. Stark Young	( ) "The Moment of the Rose"
6. Ira Wallach	( ) "The Horn and the Roses"
7. Paul Horgan	( ) "The Swan and the Rose"
8. W. L. George	( ) "Roses from the South"
9. Lucy Kennedy	( ) "Revolution and Roses"
10. Francis Leary	( ) "A Rose for Marianne"
11. André Maurois	( ) "A Wreath of Roses"
12. William Sansom	( ) "September Roses"
13. Elizabeth Bowen	( ) "So Red the Rose"
14. Elizabeth Taylor	( ) "A Bed of Roses"
15. Perceval Reniers	( ) "A Bed of Roses"
16. Thomas B. Costain	( ) "The Black Rose"
17. Richard Bankowsky	( ) "A Glass Rose"
18 William C. Faulkner	( ) "Wind Rose"

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ber, Kurt Schumacher,and Ernst Reuter.

The book concludes with a credo of Willy Brandt the contemporary Social Democrat. Against the backdrop of current German politics, these mature reflections will be of keen interest to Western readers; they explain why Nikita Khrushchev levels blasts at Brandt as heavy as those against Adenauer. No longer a dogmatist—or better, no longer committed to ideology alone—he stands squarely for freedom rather than any narrow views regarding economic programs for society.

For West Berlin and the free world this is of ultimate importance. And yet this reviewer feels his statement of faith could be made with even more impact in a fuller history of himself and his cohorts. Of those of his contemporaries who suffered death in Hitler's wrath, Sir Winston Churchill said, as Brandt quotes:

> In Germany there lived an opposition which was weakened by their losses and an enervating international policy, but which belongs to the noblest and greatest that the political history of any nation has ever produced. These men fought without help from within nor from abroad—driven forward only by the restlessness of their conscience. As long as they lived they were invisible and unrecognizable for us, because they had to camouflage themselves. But their death made the resistance visible.

To remind us of these men and their legacy is the real measure of this book.

Beyond Nationalism, a World View

"The Mind of Germany: The Education of a Nation," by Hans Kohn *(Scribners. 370 pp. $5.95), examines the bipolarity of a country drawn both to fanatical nationalism and creative cosmopolitanism. Political Science Professor Hans J. Morgenthau, on leave from his duties as director of the Center for the Study of American Foreign and Military Policy at the University of Chicago, is an associate with the Washington Center of Foreign Policy Research.*

By Hans J. Morgenthau

BOTH the title and the subtitle of this book raise a fundamental problem. Is there such a thing as the mind of a nation, whose substance is set apart from the minds of other nations? Can one speak of the mind of Germany, France, England, America in the sense that the thoughts these nations think are distinguished from each other by national characteristics? There can be no doubt that the answer to these questions must be in the negative and that only nationalist ideologues will answer them in the affirmative. The nations of Western civilization have obviously thought the same thoughts throughout their history, and it is exactly this fact that makes them members of the same civilization.

However, one can pose the question which the title of this book raises in a different sense and ask whether a particular nation tends to think in a different way from other nations, that is, whether the quality of its thought distinguishes it from other nations. Posed in this fashion, the question has merit. For obviously, to mention only two particularly clear examples, the mind of England has shown throughout its history a consistent tendency toward the practical and the undogmatic, while the mind of France has been as consistent in its bent for logical coherence and formal perfection. Locke and Burke are as characteristic of the former as Descartes and Racine are of the latter. How does the German mind fit into this picture?

Professor Kohn raises these questions only by implication. He assumes correctly a bipolarity in the German mind between a fanatical nationalism, in conflict with Western civilization, and a cosmopolitanism that not only embraces the values of Western civilization but also has given to Western civilization some of its most enduring creative achievements. This bipolarity has been variously defined as a conflict between Potsdam and Weimar, Bismarck and Goethe, the internationalism of the poets and thinkers versus the nation state. However oversimplified these juxtapositions may be, German history since the end of the eighteenth century certainly points to the reality of the conflict between two incompatible conceptions of, and approaches to, society and government.

As indicated in the subtitle, it is Professor Kohn's contention that this bipolarity of the German mind, as revealed in the intellectual history of the German people, is more than a mere aimless shift from one extreme to the other and back and forth again, but constitutes a process of education in which the forces of Western civilization, as represented in liberal democracy, have gained ascendancy over the forces of nationalism. This analysis is no doubt supported by the official policy of the present German government, the representative intellectual life of Germany, and the outstanding literary products of current German culture.

A similar analysis of the German situation would, however, have been supported by much evidence thirty years ago, only to be disproven by events soon to follow. Thus it must remain a moot question as to whether this development, most desirable from the point of view of Western civilization, has put a definitive end to the dialectic movement between extremes, characteristic of the modern history of Germany. The best representatives of Western-oriented German culture, Dr. Adenauer included, are deeply concerned about the possibility that the pendulum might swing the other way again. They know that beneath the surface of official policy and presently respectable culture there are still at work the same dark and passionate forces, inchoate and voiceless at present, who only wait for the issues around which to crystalize again in political movements and intellectual positions. It is the great and difficult task of the West to deprive those forces of issues which could make them dominant in Germany again.

THESE questions emerge from Professor Kohn's narrative of the great contrasting figure and movement of modern German history. This book, like all the books Professor Kohn has written, is rich in little-known and illuminating facts, and an abundance of quotations from poetry and prose illustrate the points the author is making.

Goethe and Schiller, the romantics and nationalists of the first decades of the nineteenth century, Heine, Wagner, and Nietzsche, George and Rilke, the liberals and the conservatives—all are represented with significant statements. This reviewer, however, would like to raise the question, admittedly subjective, why there is no mention of Maximilian Harden, one of the most influential and fascinating writers of the first decades of the century, who in a way personifies the contradictions that make up the mind of Germany.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 7, 18, 4, 13, 9, 6, 10, 15, 2, 3, 14, 11, 5, 8 or 12, 12 or 8, 16, 17, 1.

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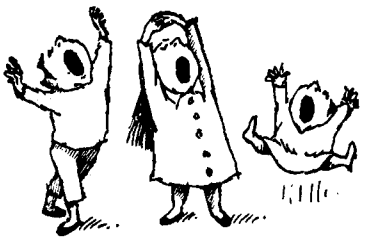
Child's-Eye View for Grownups Too



—*From "Open House for Butterflies."*

BY BETTY MILES, *Associate, Publications Department, Bank Street College.*

A NEW kind of juvenile appears more often each season; it is seen on the coffee tables of childless grownups, and college students give it to each other for Valentine's Day. Often it is labeled "for all ages." Now there is something specious about so broad a category; even if one exempts mewling infants, it is hard to imagine a single volume that could have appeal from the playpen to the grave. But at least "all ages" tells us straight out that a book is not wholly for children. Many other juveniles specifically advertise young ages on their jackets, but are also, though less frankly, aimed at adults.

Where does this leave the children? C. S. Lewis perceptively comments that a juvenile enjoyed only by children is a bad children's book. But the rather obvious axiom to which his statement is corollary—that a juvenile enjoyed more by adults than by children is a bad children's book—seems sometimes, fortunately not often, to be overlooked. Still, books that confuse, ignore, or exploit children do go on being written, and published, and reviewed, and bought and read, by adults.

Of course, juveniles should be enjoyed by adults—as well as, not instead of, by children. An adult who reads a glowing book like Alvin Tresselt's **"Timothy Robbins Climbs the Mountain,"** illustrated joyously by Roger Duvoisin, (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, $2.75), is doubly rewarded. He enjoys for himself the simple telling of a boy's walk up a hill that his father and grandfather climbed before him; and he rejoices that so beautiful a book is available to his children. The adult's pleasure in this real juvenile embraces the child's.

Other juveniles appeal to the adult in less legitimate ways. **"Malcolm's Job,"** by Joe Bascom (Lippincott, $2.75), is the easy-to-read story of a musical cat. Children will like its silliness and bravado, but one feels the entire book sprang from the author's urge to nudge another adult with the repeated line, "Listen to that cat play that horn." Okay, it's funny, and it won't hurt a child. But the book might have been even finer if written wholeheartedly for children's amusement. Or, consider **"Bennett Cerf's Book of Laughs"** (Beginner Books, $1.95), another easy-to-read book whose primer speech is ideally suited to its content—a series of old-chestnut jokes, the kind children adore, delivered by a single hero, Marvin. But the title is wholly adult; it should be "Marvin's Book of Laughs," except that no one has heard of Marvin, and most adults have heard of Mr. Cerf. The title is salable, but irrelevant, and even in so small a matter as a title why be irrelevant with a child?

Like the "Book of Laughs," **"Who Is at the Door?"** (Little, Brown, $2.50) is sales-pitched toward the adult buyer with its jacket information: the authors, Isabelle and Frederick Eberstadt, are daughter and son-in-law of Ogden Nash. The pitch backfires, however; adults will find no Nash-like talent here, and children are sure to be impatient with rhythm so bumpy and rhyme so forced. Why produce a children's book that shows no respect for their taste?

"Let's Go to the FBI," by B. Rosenfield (Putnam, $1.95), will be bought by the kind of adult who thinks in blacks and whites, and avoids discussions with children of hard questions like justice, freedom, guilt, responsibility; he will see nothing amiss in a book whose title pages show the Feds shooting it out with the bad guys and whose content follows that single theme. Unfortunately, the children who get the book may see nothing wrong with it either.

It is a long way from this superficial book to the kind of juvenile that ends up on coffee tables. Among writers who delight grownups so much their books might be called "adult juveniles," one often finds style and wit and passion. Ruth Krauss is such a writer. Ever since **"A Hole Is to Dig"** (Harper, $1.50), her ear for children's speech has been admired. Everyone has ears, but few people know what to listen for, and fewer still have the precise sense of craft and idea that is evident in Miss Krauss's work. She is not a stenographer; she is an artist.

But for whom? The recent **"Open House for Butterflies"** (Harper, $1.50) raises the question once more. This sequel to "A Hole Is to Dig," although less well organized than its predecessor, offers another collection of children's statements that are pure and sudden and illuminating. But it is adults who need illumination. To a young child the comment that "grownup means to go to nursery school" is flatly logical. To an adult it has a poignancy no child could understand.

Youngsters consistently see and feel things directly, and find nothing unusual in their point of view. The child who greets a summer morning with "It's a good day for barefooting!" and says of a suede jacket, "It feels like liver," is not aware of speaking poetically. The child who demands, "Mother, who are *they* when *they say*?" is not aware of being philosophical. And the child who gasps out admiringly, "Jane's hair is so pretty—it goes way down to her *anus*!" is not aware of the delightful incongruity.

Children are spontaneously artful in their artlessness. For this very reason they are confused when their own way of looking at the world is presented to them, bound and formal, in a book. "Open House for Butterflies" is likely to confuse young children. But for older brothers and sisters, for adolescents, for parents and librarians and teachers and pediatricians and every other kind of grownup besides, Miss Krauss's words are like windows open to sudden freshness. And Maurice Sendak's pictures recall, and embrace, the quite magic

—*From "A Hole Is to Dig."*

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world we know perfectly well is too fragile and too merry to exist outside of nostalgia.

Here, then, is a juvenile one can recommend wholeheartedly for adults. Perhaps we have real need of this kind of book; the adult novel seldom offers so pure a vision of childhood. Meanwhile, one must regret having no more of the children's books Miss Krauss used to write with such verve and insight: "The Carrot Seed," "The Growing Story," "The Big World and the Little House" were real juveniles, the kind that real children beg to have read to them in real living rooms.

Children should be, after all, the *raison d'être* of the children's book. It is to be hoped that neither the author's sincere desire to speak to adults, nor ignorance or dismissal or exploitation of children, will ever obscure that fact.

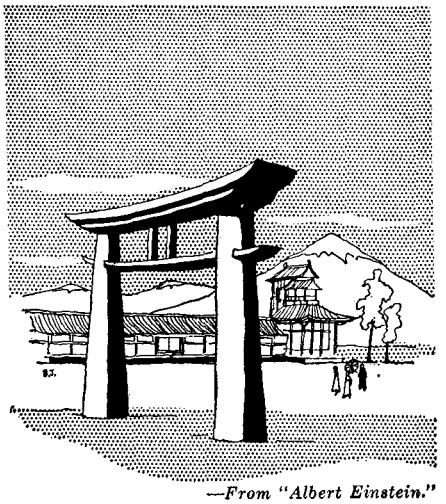
—From "Creatures of the Night."

DAY AND NIGHT. *By Roger Duvoisin. Illustrated by the author. Knopf. Unpaged.* $2.95. Back in the Forties there was a song called "Night and Day." Equally monotonic, but far less likely to succeed, is this ever-so-light story of an owl called Night and a poodle called Day who "met one evening between day and night." Etc. Ages 4-8.

GOING BAREFOOT. *By Aileen Fisher. Illustrated by Adrienne Adams. Crowell. Unpaged.* $3. An examination, in truly lilting verse, of the habits of many animals and birds. The boy who envies their year-round barefoot sporting pulls off his shoes and joins them happily when June comes. Both words and pictures achieve a rare synthesis of information and imagination. The book seems overlong for the single sitting its pattern demands, but its quality stays high throughout. Ages 4-8.

MR. ANGELO. *By Marjory Schwalje. Illustrated by Abner Graboff. Abelard-Schuman. Unpaged.* $2.75. At last! A book that is funny because the plot is funny and the whole joke well within the grasp of the age-group for whom it is intended. Gay drawings on colorful pages echo the text nicely, although one five-year-old complained that 105 meat balls were drawn where only seventy-four were mentioned! Ages 4-8.

EVANGELINE: Pigeon of Paris. *By Natalie Savage Carlson. Illustrated by Nicolas. Harcourt, Brace. 71 pp.* $2.75. This book is based upon a true incident: the deportation of Paris pigeons to outlying areas. A promising idea—but the story does not live up to its promise. Lonely birds and lonely maidens seeking husbands, and French idioms translated into English, are unlikely to appeal to children in the early elementary years. Ages 7-10.



—From "Albert Einstein."

ELIZABETH FOR LINCOLN. *By Jacqueline Morrell McNicol. Illustrated by Tom O'Sullivan. Longmans, Green. 119 pp.* $2.50. A ten-year-old girl makes a fine heroine for this exciting account of the day Lincoln was elected. A relatively little-known assassination attempt is the key event, but the book, which is based on fact, is even more effective in its presentation of personal details and impressions. Ages 8-12.

CREATURES OF THE NIGHT. *By Dorothy Sterling. Illustrated by Winifred Lubell. Doubleday. 125 pp.* $2.95. By no means the only new book for junior entomologists (at least three have already been published this season), this is a useful volume enhanced not only by clear drawings but also a bibliography and a cross-referenced index. The pages that deal exactly with the insects themselves seem more correct and professional than those in which the reader is directly addressed and his responses ("What's the point of these orders and families . . . ?") anticipated. But this is a matter of taste and one in which authors and readers are entitled to choice. Ages 8 up.

THE FIRST FIVE FATHOMS. *By Arthur C. Clarke. Photographs by Mike Wilson. Harper. 80 pp.* $2.75. This book is the work of experienced skindivers, who are also exemplary instructors. With text and photographs they invite, explain, encourage, and caution. The result is at once a reasonable how-to manual ("You cannot learn to dive merely by reading books like this, and then leaping gaily into the sea.") and a fascinating natural history. Ages 10 up.

LIZA OF THE HUNDREDFOLD. *By Elisabeth Hubbard Lansing. Illustrated by Dorothy Bayley Morse. Crowell. 192 pp.* $2.95. As suspenseful as a serial but with enough development of character, perceptivity, and good writing to raise this book to the level of the better fiction for school-age girls. A backwoods community provides the setting, and a would-be tomboy with heavy home responsibilities is the heroine. Ages 10-12.

TERRIBLE, HORRIBLE EDIE. *By E. C. Spykman. Harcourt, Brace. 224 pp.* $3.25. Another book about the amusing Cares family. Edie, the individualist, has an exciting summer, which should provide entertainment for girls not equally surrounded by hurricanes, boats, and jewel thieves. Ages 10-14.

THE TOURNAMENT OF THE LIONS. *By Jay Williams. Illustrated by Ezra Jack Keats. Walck. 120 pp.* $2.75. An ambitious attempt to present medieval life and the values and meaning of chivalry. The "play-within-a-play" device of the Song of Roland, however, interferes with the interesting and well-documented story of two young squires in their first tournament. Ages 10-14.

ALBERT EINSTEIN. *By William Wise. Illustrated by Simon Jeruchim. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 181 pp.* $2.95. An excellently written biography of a great scientist and idealist. The author has presented the varied aspects of Einstein's remarkable career so that he emerges as a whole human being—great in mind and in spirit. Ages 11-15.

THE EARTH FOR SAM. *By W. Maxwell Reed. 236 pp.* $4.95. **THE STARS FOR SAM.** *By W. Maxwell Reed. 179 pp.* $4.50. **THE SEA FOR SAM.** *By W. Maxwell Reed and Wilfrid S. Bronson. 243 pp.* $4.95. All *Harcourt, Brace.* Illustrated by clear photograph and charts and edited by Paul F. Brandwein, these well-known volumes, first published in the Thirties, have been completely revised to include a wealth of fresh material. The pleasantly informal, easy style is retained throughout. Ages 12 up.

SUPPOSING. *By Alastair Reid. Illustrated by A. Birnbaum. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 48 pp.* $3. The dust jacket suggests that this is "a book to amuse your grandmother and grandson at the same time." While there is no accounting for the tastes of grandmothers, it is hard to imagine the child who would be regaled by items such as "Supposing I had a great house . . . and I came home one day and it was all blazing . . . but I just laughed and took off my clothes and threw them into the fire . . ." It would seem that Mr. Reid should have spent some time supposing he were a small boy before allowing this capricious volume to appear in the guise of a juvenile. All ages.

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Electronic Literature

Continued from page 15

engineer, and the post-editor. In an emergency, it can be blamed on "bugs."

This same sullen objectivity, by the way, will face those who wish to reprove or censure translations of the future. The machine will obviously be above ethics or morality. The scruples of the translator will be past history. The dilemma of poor Amyot trying to tone down some parts of his version of "Daphnis and Chloe" while heightening the raciness of other scenes will never plague Mark II and its descendants. Nor will apologies be necessary from translators, like Warton asking pardon for having to render such indecorous words of Vergil as "plough," "sow," "dung," and "cow." The machine's custodians will store those 400,000 entries in the "memory disc" with the innocence of a dealer selling a licensed hunter a rifle, and with no more responsibility. When the most purple patches of the future Genets and Henry Millers and Frank Harrises are translated, it will be without so much as a blink of a cathode ray tube.

THE language processors will tend to assume that there is always one optimum translation of a given passage from the input language. If we find considerable variance among the Authorized (King James), Moffatt, and Knox versions of a Biblical psalm, or surprising and contradictory variants among the seventy existing translations of Dante's "Divine Comedy," the machine will adjudicate in favor of literal phrasing and serve as a rough model of interpretation. The day will come when John Ciardi of this magazine will have to review the IBM translation, the seventy-first, of the "Comedy," evaluating it against his own.

Let us turn to the inevitable limitations of the language processors, even in their most advanced phases. The machine will always lack erudition and sophistication, so necessary to transposing languages. For example, a machine which is merely bilingual cannot always take the place of translators who are multilingual. Nabokov, the creator of "Lolita," writing on the difficulties of translating Pushkin, observes that the English translator of "Eugen Onegin" needs not only a Russian's knowledge of Russian, but a Pushkin's knowledge of French. (The English of "Lolita" similarly owes much of its charm to Nabokov's fluency in French.) No machine can catch the particular nuances, vestigial shadings, or dialectal qualities of the input language. There will be further inherent peculiarities of a language which Mark II will never capture. It will be difficult to traduce the illogical quality which Gide, Flaubert, and others have found rooted in English (Gide thought Shakespeare especially sinned in this respect). Mark II will scarcely capture the energy of the German, the lyricism of the Italian, or the excessive formality of Castilian. It will thus often betray the original sense, much as Fitzmaurice-Kelly charged Fitzgerald with transforming a half-forgotten Persian poet into an English pessimist. But that logical quality of French—vaunted by Frenchmen from Rivarol and Vaugelas (*"tout ce que n'est pas clair n'est pas français"*) to Gide—ought to come through nicely.

One weakness of automatic translation is that it aims at rendering semantic values of the input language without regard to the values of euphony. Alliteration, assonance, echo and onomatopoetic devices, these all have to be left aside. Such a line as Racine's famous outcry of the hysterical Orestes, *"Pour qui sont ces serpents qui sifflent sur vos têtes!,"* would lose its alliterative sibilants in machine translation, whereas a human translator might contrive to preserve them. The same would be true of the deliberately rhythmic and periodic qualities of prose, which would only be fumbled by the machine.

Just as the machine cannot recapture regional speech, individualities of style, slang, or effects of prosody, it cannot restore the dated character of the input language, if that model is from a period other than the present. No matter how sophisticated it became, the machine could never English a Renaissance text with the vintage flavor of a Florio or Hoby. The minor works of Petrarch, when translated completely as they deserve to be, would lose their Chaucerian bouquet in automatic translation. Yet I suppose that the machine could remedy even this, if one really wished it, by one's stocking the memory disc with the Cotgrave or some more archaic English lexicon.

THE most formidable challenge the processor must accept is of course the idiom, usually defined as a word or group of words which, if translated literally, will have a meaning other than intended or no meaning at all. It seems inconceivable that a machine will ever convert *Mit Wolfen muss man heulen* ("With the wolf pack one must howl") into "When in Rome do as the Romans do." Yet the IBM linguists tell me that in the future many of these whole idioms will be stored in the memory disc. They do acknowledge, however, that many simpler-looking idioms will always give trouble. Such difficulties will often be more the fault of our languages than of the computer. Even in the Romance languages you cannot say such common and needed phrases as "around the corner" and "how often?" Words are missing when you least expect it. Such idioms and deficiencies will set the output typewriter to transliterating helplessly in red, commending the whole problem to the offices of the post-editor. It is just such lowly problems as these which the processor must lick before it can bring us the thousands of unexploited novels, stories, plays, and even poetry awaiting international circulation.

We have stated that many of the machine's errors will be the product of inherent weaknesses in our common languages. To the weaknesses we have suggested must be added certain nonsensical features of English like the double genitive, the redundant auxiliary ("What does he do?"), plural verbs with collective singulars ("The government view this problem with alarm") and similar barbarities. These inconsistencies of the input language will keep the post-editor busy.

The post-editor will have to know not only the peculiarities of the input and output languages, but the special inabilities and quirks of the processor—the particular distortions or configurations that it tries to impose on the text it is translating. Indeed, those translators who feel the vocation will not go off to "double" foreign films or translate perfume labels and menus, but will stay with the machine and engage in the labor of the file. The wonderful thing about this is that man after all will have the last word. The post-editor will not only have to contend with unfamiliar foreign words, stylistic peculiarities of the author, special characteristics of language, or idioms about the howling of wolves which the output typewriter has printed in red. He will not only undertake the humble mop-up operation of altering prepositions, repairing conjunctions, cleaning up auxiliaries, and the like. He will also have a chance to inform the automatic translation with a bit of elegance and style.

We have stated at the outset that Mark I is to be improved and then replaced by a more sophisticated Mark II. It is as unsound to evaluate machine translation's potentialities by Mark I's achievements as it would be to predict the possibilities of space travel by the now superseded achievements of Explorer I or Pioneer I. Up to the present moment Mark I has not come to grips with creative literature. Thanks to Dr. King and his associate Richard Moss, we are pleased to present in *SR* the first machine translation of a major work of literature. Without the

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customary post-editing, which would transpose Russian syntax into English, select alternatives (indicated by /), and supply definite and indefinite articles omitted in Russian, the following passage is Mark I's rendering of the dramatic passage in Dostoevsky's "Brothers Karamazov" where Dmitri pleads innocent before a skeptical court to the killing of his father:

> All this tragedy as if anew appeared before all, convex, concentric, illuminated fateful, inexorable light/world. [I] remember, how immediately after reading chairman loudly and impressively asked Mitya:
> —Accused, recognized whether you self guilty?
> Mitya suddenly arose with/from place.
> [I] Recognize self guilty in drunkenness and lewdness, exclaimed it/he, some again sudden, almost frenzied voice,—in laziness and in rowdyism. Wanted become forever honest man, namely in that second when hewed under fate! But in death [of] old man, enemy my and father—innocent! But in robbery [of] him—no, no, innocent, yes and [I] not can be guilty. Dmitri Karamazov scoundrel, but not thief!
> Shouting this, it/he village/sat in place, apparently all shaking.

Curiously, the machine itself proves in rendering this outburst to have certain fictive possibilities of its own. Some of the emotional bluntness which heightens the Dostoevsky text may profitably escape the smoothing file of the post-editor. In any case, the latter will run quickly over these lines, straightening out irregular plurals, adjusting prepositions, and all the rest. As the reader will see, even this model-T translating machine has completed 80 per cent of the Englishing process by itself. How close to its goal of 100 per cent can it ever reach?

What about that impossible will-of-the-wisp, the machine translation of poetry? Here is the first automatic translation from a great poet ever attempted. This is a poem by Boris Pasternak, taken from the poetical appendix of "Doctor Zhivago":

> HOPS
> Under willow, twined ivy,
> From foul weather we search protection.
> Our arm covered raincoat,
> All around you my hand twined.
>
> I err. Shrub, these thicket
> Not ivy rewound, but hops.
> Well thus better give this raincoat
> In width under self spread.

In evaluating these unusual translations, do not forget the elliptical and hermetic quality of the original poetry itself. After he studied these translations from Dostoevsky and Pasternak, Dr. Lew Micklesen, genial linguist and theoretician at the IBM laboratory up in Yorktown Heights, New York, commented:

> Even though the capabilities of the present dictionary far exceed those of a word-for-word automatic translator, the output still suffers from most of the shortcomings of a strictly word-for-word translation. These shortcomings will be effectively dealt with once the work in the word analyzer—that is, a procedure for the automatic determination of Russian sentence structure—has been completed. Happily, the passages rendered by the machine proved to be reasonably intelligible. A post-editor has added only three or four words in brackets to improve the intelligibility.

Thus, a new tool in its earliest infancy is doing a creditable job. As we have suggested, it may turn out to be the bull in the bookshop. Its creators are more cautious about its potentialities than are others. Dr. King has made the following appraisal to *SR*:

> Our mechanical translator can give renderings of Russian literature even now, but these renderings cannot themselves be regarded as literature. It is doubtful whether we shall ever get anything like Chapman's Homer mechanically. However, within eighteen months our products should be good enough for use by critics or scholars in judging the work of human translators, particularly its accuracy and the degree of license. Perhaps the machine translations will also give a flavor of the original writing unobtainable in their smoother literary equivalents.

These sample translations more than justify Dr. King's expectations and they pioneer what will one day be a common practice. If *gaucheries* and errors slip through, so also have our best translators erred in the past. This point has been made by Vannevar Bush, chairman of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Corporation, and a bold enthusiast for machine translation: "I do not think it would be difficult at all to make the translating machine exercise as good judgment in picking the right word as is exercised by many human translators." An exciting frontier is expanding. Books and articles are beginning to appear, congresses are being held, subsidies are being provided, and a new technical vocabulary is being created. Many universities are lending talent to this endeavor, including my own New York University, with MIT the most active. Probably no such powerful instrument for the eventual dissemination of literature has come along since the invention of printing, which also progressed to the point of confounding critics and skeptics.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Serkin and his Green Mountain Boys

MARLBORO, VERMONT

JAMES GARFIELD, who was briefly twentieth President of the United States, made a memorable statement about education in which he placed "a log hut, with only a simple bench, Mark Hopkins on one end" and a student on the other high above "buildings, apparatus and libraries." He probably would have been pleased to regard the Marlboro (Vt.) Music School and Festival as a veritable Sorbonne in the fine art of chamber music in this tenth anniversary year when Rudolf Serkin and such other Green Mountain Boys as Alexander Schneider, Felix Galimir, Martial Singher and Marcel Moyse are sharing more than figurative log huts and simple benches with Pablo Casals.

What is even more singular about Marlboro is that many of those "on the other end" are professionals who pay room-and-board for the privilege of sharing the campus with (paying) subprofessionals. The latter are required, by audition, to be able to hold their own in the daily bouts of chamber music. Completing the roster are players on the odder instruments engaged on a vacation-plus-fee basis to fill out the orchestra for accompaniments to classical concerti, Bach cantatas and other variations on the chamber music theme.

Though Marlboro College nestles on a height only two and a half miles from the busily traveled Molly Stark Trail linking Brattleboro and Bennington, it could scarcely be more isolated. The "campus" is barely more than a clearing overlooking miles of rolling greenery, the "ivy covered halls" are, in fact mostly clapboard buildings in the traditional white of the countryside. In the dormitories and lecture rooms which serve the hundred or so students in the fall and spring semesters the sweet cacophony of practice resounds, punctuated by the tocking of metronomes plugged into wall receptacles. The only touch of luxury is provided by twenty odd Steinways trucked in from New York, courtesy of Rudolf Serkin's favorite piano maker. The school motto may well be "440 or fight," the school banner a clef rampant on a field of green.

Like any summer festival worthy of the name, Marlboro has its own peculiar dilemma—how to accommodate the hundreds who turn up for the week-end concerts though all it has for an auditorium is a converted mess hall seating, elbow to elbow, 300. Most of these are "patrons" who pay either $25 a week or $100 a season for varying quantities of seats and "rehearsal privileges." Some transients are admitted for $5 each, though programs are rarely arranged long enough ahead for the attendants to know who will play what. At the opening concert, for example, Serkin (who had braved holiday traffic to and from New York to greet Casals on arrival literally occupied a back seat as others performed.

This however is the mark of Marlboro's special charm in putting the performer's interest above the listener's. To the players, either paying or paid, it provides recreational therapy to offset vocational traumas induced by the tensions and turmoil (indeed even the tedium) of big city musical life. Sides are chosen, favorite works inspected, dissected, and so the fond hope goes, perfected. When good results ensue, the work is "put up" for a concert, like a dog passing muster at a show. If it turns out to be a true "best of class" a telephone call may produce a crew complete with recording equipment to note it down permanently. This has happened with several Mozart concerti performed by Serkin and an ensemble directed by Schneider, also with a wind ensemble led by Moyse.

The latter's now available (adv. Columbia Records) Beethoven octet (op. 103) was brushed up to make a suitable climax for this year's first program, in which a clear warm day among the mountain greenery was followed by clear cool music. Youth dominated (with Anton Kuerti a sophisticated verging on subtle pianist in Mozart's E flat quartet) fore and aft of Martial Singher's interpretation of Faure's "La Bonne Chanson" (baritone plus strings and piano). Music of this order sounds fine in the accoustically treated mess, clearly pleasing the taste of an audience which valued it above the discomforts of the sun-baked surroundings. (Some screened picture windows giving on the rolling view would allow the lungs equal favor with the ears).

WITH all the soothing influence of unrestricted rehearsal time, freedom from clock-watching, and last-train-to-Valhalla worries, the performer knows no therapy like applause. Appreciative listeners are an indispensable objective of any self-respecting performance, and so it is here too. Whether as patrons or transients, music lovers will find the country pretty, suitable motels within easy reach (recommendations are *de rigeur*), and food that is not only better but more accessible than in many European resorts of greater fame. To quote a celebrated source (not Garfield) "there's a lot to like" at Marboro.

—Columbia Records

Serkin, Schneider and "students"—"music sounds fine in the accoustically treated mess."

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

Mahler in America

By IRVING KOLODIN

WERE IT NOT for Heinrich Conried, German-born actor, producer, operator of the Irving Place Theater in New York, and eventually director of the Metropolitan Opera from 1903 to 1908, it is hardly likely that the biographical data of Gustav Mahler's life would include references to such unlikely places as Central Park West, Niagara Falls, and Pittsburgh. Some part of the credit may also be extended to Oscar Hammerstein I, whose lively competition to the Metropolitan had impelled Conried to look about for some potent counter attractions to the Manhattan Opera's celebrated conductor Cleofonte Campanini. Among those he approached were Toscanini and Mahler: the first was not yet ready to come, the second was. A contract was negotiated in July, 1907, in Berlin, for a four-months' stay in New York.

At this point of celebrating Mahler's birth on July 7, 1860, he is known to those under sixty only as a composer of sizeable works whose rank may be disputed but whose power and individuality are unquestionable. But for most of his mature life, he was famous primarily as a conductor, first in such smaller theatres as Leipzig and Cassel, then in an ascent from Budapest to Hamburg to the goal of goals, director and chief conductor of the Vienna Royal Opera. What he did there in his decade of direction—1897-1907—is, of course, an enduringly brilliant chapter in the history of operatic production world-wide.

But always there were the contesting demands of the other Mahler—the one who is known to us now, with the recreative art of the master only a memory, as the real, the only Mahler—the Mahler who composed his "Klagende Lied" in 1880, when he was only 20, and who pursued his creative course unremittingly through all the years of his public activities. At 47, in 1907, he yearned for years of leisure (part time at least) to devote himself wholly or mainly to composition. The offer to go to New York, at a handsome retainer, offered promises of security he could not refuse, along with opportunities for working with artists such as Caruso, Scotti, Sembrich, Farrar, Eames, Chaliapin, et al., who were out of reach even in Vienna.

As with many things in Mahler's life, the promise was illusionary—but in the four years of life remaining to him he left some indelible footprints on the shifting sands of the Metropolitan, revitalized the Philharmonic and, in effect, put it on the road to its position of today. During, between, and around these activities, he created "Das Lied von der Erde," which many consider his incontestable masterwork, and began the incomplete Tenth Symphony with its strong portents of later musical trends.

THUS Mahler and America have an indissoluble linkage, in the mold of Mahler as the first modern-man-as-composer. Tchaikovsky, Dvorak, and Strauss had visited America before Mahler, but he was the first to come as a participant in the day-to-day musical life, to submit to interviews, to argue with boards of directors, to absorb into his blood stream some elements of existence here which have been transmuted into tone (with the aid and counsel of analysis by Freud himself). In later years, of course, his widow (since married to Walter Gropius and Franz Werfel) has chosen to live in New York, where she remains a part of the artistic community.

Mahler's first Metropolitan season, which began on January 1, 1908, was a happy and rewarding one. He was well housed at the Hotel Majestic, he had a fine cast for "Tristan," and adequate time for rehearsal. It was followed by the vastly successful production of "Don Giovanni," the best New York had known to that time, by excellent presentations of "Die Walküre" and "Siegfried" and, the stage work with which his name is associated above all others: Beethoven's "Fidelio." He also made the journey to Philadelphia for performances of these works there, and to Boston after the season's end in New York.

However, the circumstances under which Mahler had come to New York were already changing. Conried's time as director of the Metropolitan was running out, and his health—if no other reasons—forbade an extension. Favor finally settled on the combination of Giulio Gatti-Casazza and Arturo Toscanini. As Mahler's services were highly valued, private inquiries were pursued to make sure the two eminent conductors would get along together. Toscanini provided assurances of his esteem for Mahler, and the latter took ship for Europe where he settled down at Toblach, in the then-Austrian Alps, to work on "Das Lied von der Erde." Even before he returned to America, he had to make angry rejection of the plea that Toscanini be permitted to put on "Tristan" with his Milan décor prior to Mahler's return.

Early in the fall, Mahler conducted the first performances of his Seventh Symphony in Prague and Munich. He had, by this time, acquired the esteem of some ladies in New York social circles who wanted to see him as conductor of an orchestra and proposed a series of concerts after the Metropolitan season. With or without knowledge of this arrangement, Walter Damrosch generously engaged him for a series of concerts with his New York Symphony Orchestra prior to the start of the Metropolitan season. Among those in Carnegie Hall for the concert on the afternoon of December 13, 1908, was a young music student, later to win fame with the Chicago Opera, the Philadelphia Orchestra and especially as first and most famous interpreter of Gershwin's "Porgy." It was the afternoon of Mahler's first performance in New York of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

As it is recalled by Alexander Smallens, nothing could have been more divergent from Damrosch's amiable,

(*Continued on page* 50)

Mahler at the Metropolitan

composer	work	1907-08	1908-09
Beethoven	"Fidelio"	3	1
Mozart	"Don Giovanni"	4	
	"Le Nozze di Figaro"		6
Smetana	"Die Verkaufte Braut"		5
Wagner	"Tristan und Isolde"	5	3
	"Die Walküre"	3	
	"Siegfried"	4	
Tchaikovsky	"Pique Dame"	1909-10: 4	

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Orchestral Performances Directed by Mahler in New York

NEW YORK SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA *

composer	work	
Schumann	Symphony No. 1	Nov. 29, 1908
Beethoven	"Coriolan" Overture	
Smetana	"Bartered Bride" Overture	
Wagner	"Meistersinger" Overture	
Mahler	Symphony No. 2—American premiere (Combs, Stein-Bailey)	Dec. 8, 1908
Wagner	"Faust" Overture	Dec. 13, 1908
Weber	"Oberon" Overture	
Beethoven	Symphony No. 5	

PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Schumann	"Manfred" Overture	March 31, 1909 *	
Beethoven	Symphony No. 7		
Wagner	"Siegfried Idyll," "Tannhäuser" Overture		
Beethoven	"Egmont" Overture, Symphony No. 9 (Rider Kelsey, Spencer, Beddoe)	April 7, 1909 *	
		1909-10	1910-11†
Bach	Suite (arr. Mahler; Mahler, harpsichord)	5 (3)	3 (3)
	Concerto No. 2 (Spiering, violin)	1	
Beethoven	Symphony No. 2, Symphony No. 4	1	
	Symphony No. 3	3	
	Symphony No. 5	4 (1)	
	Symphony No. 6,		(2)
	Symphony No. 7	1	3
	Symphony No. 8		2
	Symphony No. 9	2	
	"Coriolan" Overture	4	2
	"Egmont" Overture	1	
	"Leonore" Overtures Nos. 1 and 2	1	
	"Leonore No. 3" Overture	3 (1)	2 (2)
	"Consecration of the House" Overture	2	
	"Fidelio," "Zur Namensfeier" Overtures	1	
	"King Stephen" Overture		2
	Choral Fantasia (Hutcheson, piano)	2	
	Scene and Aria, "Ah, Perfido" (Koenen)	3	
	Concerto No. 4 (Samaroff, piano)	1	
	Concerto No. 5 (Scharwenka, piano)		2
	Concerto for violin (Powell, Kreisler)	1 (1)	
Berlioz	Symphonie Fantastique	3 (5)	
	"Roman Carnival" Overture	2	
	"Romeo and Juliet": 3 movements		2
	"Damnation of Faust": 3 excerpts		1
Bizet	Aria from "Fair Maid of Perth" (Gilibert)	1	
	Suite No. 1, "L'Arlesienne"		3
	Suite No. 3, "Roma"		2
Bossi	Intermezzo Goldoniani for Strings		1
Brahms	Symphony No. 1		2
	Symphony No. 3	4	
	"Gesang aus Fingal"	1	
	Concerto for violin (Kreisler)	2	
Bruckner	Symphony No. 4	1	
Busoni	Orchestral Suite, "Turandot"	2	
	"Berceuse Elegiaque"—first performance		1
Chabrier	"Espana"		4 (1)
	"Ode to Music"		3
Chadwick	Overture, "Melpomene"		2
Cherubini	"Anakreon" Overture		2
Debussy	"L'apres-midi d'un faune," "Nocturnes"	2	
	"Rondes de Printemps"—U.S. premiere		2
	"Iberia"—U.S. premiere		3
Dukas	"Sorcerer's Apprentice"	2	
Dvorak	Overture, "In Nature"	2	
	Overture, "Carnival"		2
	Scherzo Capriccioso	1	
Elgar	Variations on an Original Theme		2
	"Sea Pictures" (Kirkby-Lunn, contralto)		2
Enesco	Suite for Orchestra—American premiere		3
Fiedler	"The Tambourin Player" (Koenen)	3	
Goldmark	Overture, "Spring"		1
	Concerto for violin (Macmillen)		2
Gretry	Aria, "C'est ici" (Rider Kelsey, soprano)	1	
Grieg	"In the Hall of the Mountain King"	1	
	Concerto for piano (Samaroff)	(1)	
Hadley	"The Culprit Fay"—New York premiere		2
Handel	Aria, "Quanto dolci" (Rider Kelsey)	1 (1)	
	Rec. and Largo from "Xerxes" (Gilibert)	1	
Haydn	Symphony in D major	1	
	Aria, "On Mighty Pens" (Alten, soprano)	1	
Lalo	"Le Roi d'Ys": Overture		1
	"Aubade" (Clement, tenor)		3
Liszt	"Les Preludes"	2	
	"Mazeppa"	3	
	"Tasso," "Mephisto Waltz"		1
	Concerto No. 2 (Mero, piano)	1	
Loeffler	"La Villanelle du Diable" (Sealy, organ)		2
MacDowell	"The Saracens," "Lovely Alda"		2
	Concerto No. 2 (Hutcheson, piano)		1
Mahler	Symphony No. 1—American premiere	2	
	Symphony No. 4 (Alten, soprano)		2
	"Kindertotenlieder" (Wüllner, baritone)	2	
	"A Tale of the Rhine" (Gluck, soprano)		2
	"Morning in the Fields" (Gluck, soprano)		2
Martucci	Piano Concerto-U.S. premiere (Consolo)		1
Massenet	Legende, "The Juggler of Notre Dame" (Gilibert, bar.)	1	
	"Le Reve de des Grieux" ("Manon"), "Zarastra" ("Le Mage") (Clement, tenor)		3
Mendelssohn	Concerto for violin (Powell, Fradkin)	2	1
	Symphony No. 4		1
	Overture, "Melusine"		2
	Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream"		2
Mozart	Symphony in C, "Jupiter"	1	
	Symphony in G minor		2
	"Deh vieni' ("Figaro") (Alten, soprano)	1	
	"Voi che sapete" ("Figaro") (Rider Kelsey)	(1)	
	"Idomeneo" Ballet music Deutsche Tanze		3
Pfitzner	Overture, "Das Christelflein"	1	
	Overture, "Das Kätchen von Heilbronn"		2
Rachmaninoff	Concerto No. 3 (Rachmaninoff, piano)	1	
Rameau	"Rigaudon" from "Dardanus"	1	
Rimsky-Korsakoff	"Scheherazade"		1
Saint-Saëns	Concerto No. 4 (Hofmann, piano)		2
Scharwenka	Concerto No. 4 (composer, piano)		1
Schubert	Symphony in B minor	3	1
	Symphony in C major		3
	"Wanderer" Fantasy (Busoni, piano)	3	
	Serenade (Spencer, mezzo)	1	
Schumann	Symphony No. 2, Symphony No. 3		2
	Symphony No. 4	4	
	Concerto for piano (Weiss)	1	
	Overture, "Manfred"		2
Sinigaglia	"Le Baruffe Chiozzotte"—N.Y. premiere		1
Smetana	"Vltava"		2
	"The Bartered Bride": Overture	5 (1)	
	Aria (Jörn, tenor)	1	
	Bohemian Cradle Song ("Hubicka") (Gluck)		2
Stanford	Irish Symphony		2
Strauss	"Don Juan"; "Hymnus" (Koenen)	3	
	"Death and Transfiguration"	2	
	"Till Eulenspiegel"	5 (5)	
	"Guntram" Preludes to Acts I and II	1	
	"Ein Heldenleben"		2
	"Also sprach Zarathustra"		3
	"Pilgrims Morning Song" (Bispham, bar.)		2 (1)
Tchaikovsky	Symphony No. 2, Suite No. 1		3
	Symphony No. 5		1
	Symphony No. 6	3	2
	"Romeo and Juliet"	3	
	"1812" Overture	1	
	Concerto for violin (Dethier)		3
	Concerto No. 1 (Lhevinne, piano)	1	
Vieuxtemps	Concerto No. 5 (Spiering, violin)	1 (1)	
Wagner	"The Flying Dutchman": Overture	3	4 (1)
	"Rienzi": Overture		2
	"Messengers of Peace"	1	
	"Tannhäuser": Overture	4 (1)	2 (1)
	Overture and Bacchanale		1
	"Dich teure Halle" (Rider Kelsey, Gadski)	1	3 (1)
	Elisabeth's Prayer (Gadski, sop.)		1
	"Lohengrin": Prelude	2	4 (1)
	Elsa's Dream (Gadski, soprano)		2 (1)
	"Tristan": Prelude and Liebestod	4	3 (2)
	"Die Meistersinger": Prelude	5 (3)	4 (2)
	Walther's Prize Song (Jörn)	2	
	"Wahn! Wahn!" (Amato, Bispham)	1	2
	"Die Walküre": Wotan's Farewell (Amato)	1	
	Siegmund's Love Scene (Jörn, tenor)	1	
	Ride of Valkyries		1
	"Siegfried": "Waldweben"		1
	"Götterdämmerung": Siegfried's Death	2	2
	Brünnhilde's Immolation and Finale		2
	"Parsifal": Prelude	1	
	Prelude and Glorification		1
	A Faust Overture	4	2
	Siegfried Idyll	4	2 (2)
	Kaiser March	2	
	Songs: "Schmerzen,"		
	"Im Treibhaus" (Rider Kelsey, Gadski)	1	2
	"Stehe Still" (Gadski)		2
	"Träume" (Gadski)		3
Weber	Konzerstück (Carreno, piano)	2	
	Overture, "Der Freischütz"		1
	Overture, "Oberon"		2
	"Invitation to the Dance"		1 (1)
Weingartner	"Erdriese," "Letzter Tanz" (Wüllner)	2	
Wolf	Songs: "Spring" (Koenen, contralto)	3	
	"Anakreons Grab" (Wüllner)	2	
	"Der Rattenfänger" (Wüllner)	2	

Note: numerals in parentheses indicate performances out of town, *appearances as guest conductor, † as music director.

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Centennial Balance Sheet

By ALEXANDER L. RINGER

TO WAGNER music had seemed like a sea into which "man dives to yield himself again, radiant and refreshed, to the light of day." In many respects Mahler's Second Symphony is still steeped in Wagnerian esthetics. But already Mahler's youthful faith in the religion of beauty was shaken. And it was not long before the fanfares, which in the grandiose finale of the Second had heralded "the light of day," were to proclaim the classical dictum, "know thyself," in the funereal opening of the Fifth. Stylistically, this decisive change in attitude resulted in the abandonment of the romantic song as a primary source of symphonic inspiration and the concomitant novel instrumental language of the Fifth Symphony and its successors.

The Eighth Symphony and "The Song of the Earth," it is true, rely once again upon the combined vocal-instrumental apparatus; but they also feature a thoroughly transformed vocal writing that owes a great deal to the polyphonic experiments of the purely instrumental works. The complete motivic and textural integration of the voice parts and the "abstract" treatment of the chorus in the Eighth, for example, represent elements that were generally lacking in the orchestral songs of earlier days. Mahler, of course, was quite aware of the transvaluation of all values that produced his Fifth Symphony. He kept reorchestrating it throughout the remaining years of his life because, as he wrote in one of his last letters from New York, he realized that "an entirely new style demands a new technique." Unfortunately, since his complete reorchestration has unaccountably remained unpublished so far, all present-day performances of the work perpetuate what the mature composer considered "incredible . . . beginner's mistakes."

The last of the song symphonies, the Fourth, forms a uniquely important landmark on the road toward the new style. Possibly Mahler's most popular work today, it has always been the anti-Mahlerian's favorite bone of contention. Mahler himself called it his "persecuted stepchild" and feared that it would "mean nothing" even to his wife: "It again is all humor, 'naïve,' as you would say; just what you can so far understand least in me—and what in any case only the fewest of the few will ever understand to all futurity." Quite obviously, a generation nursed on Wagner, Liszt and Brahms, could not but feel outraged by the straightforward melodiousness, rhythmic animation, and textural transparency (heavy brass eliminated) of this first truly neoclassical symphony with which Mahler greeted the twentieth century. For the composer and the future of all music, on the other hand, it spelled nothing less than the triumphant rehabilitation of the pure musical forces that had been obliterated for so long by the "poetic idea" of the romantic era.

The profound sense of humanity paired with a complete lack of extraneous pomp and circumstance that typifies the Fourth turned it into a potent antidote against the over-blown theatricality and impotent philosophizing of so much post-Wagnerian music. Hence, to be sure, the furor that it unleashed among the self-satisfied bourgeoisie of Imperial Germany and Austria. As Mahler put it a little later in connection with his Fifth: "What has a flock of sheep to say but *'baaa'* to the male glee club competition spirit?"

Less than a decade after the Fifth, Mahler was spent, burned out doing what he felt he must. He never recovered from the emotional crisis that accompanied the rehearsals for the "Symphony of a Thousand," but among the sketches of his projected Tenth Symphony he left a nearly completed Adagio that offers a magnificent glimpse of what might have been.

Quite obviously, if it is true that nearly every Mahler symphony marks a unique stage on the lonely road from post-Wagnerian Romanticism to pre-Schoenbergian expressionism, no single conductor may be expected to muster the kind of flexibility needed for such an enormously complex artistic personality. Mahler makes certain specific demands in matters of rhythm, tempo and dynamics, which tend to exclude *a priori* a number of otherwise competent musicians. Especially those imbued with Wagnerian esthetics are often thoroughly bewildered by his vibrant scores abounding with instructions like "forward," "push ahead," or "breathing spell" and even "without expression." Thus, while Bruno Walter most approaches the ideal Mahler conductor, Leopold Ludwig is only one of several sincere musicians who regularly fail. In Mahler the shaping of the phrase depends often on a combination of correct accentuation and subtle modification of tempo, for his music fluctuates between the strictest dance rhythms and the most fanciful rhetorical gestures.

Besides Walter, whose recordings of Mahler's last completed works remain precious treasures, Otto Klemperer has and the late Van Beinum had an authoritative grasp of the total Mahler. But the former's fine readings of the Second Symphony and the "Song of the Earth" (available together in a cheap Vox package) are impaired by a relatively weak orchestra and an inadequate contralto (Cavelti in the "Song"), offering little compensation for the outdated sound. And the latter's untimely death has left us with no more than two distinguished performances: a beautifully paced "Song of the Earth" with Merriman and Haefliger (Epic) and an unrivaled Fourth Symphony (just now senselessly withdrawn by London). In each instance Van Beinum has caught more of the chamber qualities of Mahler's two perhaps most flawless works than anyone of his numerous competitors. The Third is represented by an appealing performance under the late F. Charles Adler (SPA) who worked with fine singers and an adequate orchestra. But Adler did less well with the Sixth (SPA), though somewhat better than Eduard Flipse whose undistinguished concert performance of 1955 has been preserved by Epic. Scherchen's serviceable rendition of the extraordinary Seventh (Westminster) is handicapped by often shaky strings possibly insufficiently rehearsed. These stirring works deserve first-rate recordings, preferably by Klemperer or Walter who also owe us a stereo version of the Eighth. As of now, the Eighth exists only in a monaural version taped during that memorable summer night in 1954 when more than a thousand Dutch singers and instrumentalists outdid themselves under Flipse's inspired baton without fully escaping the acoustical dilemma, however, posed by any live rendition of this gigantic work, let alone a recording.

Mahler's growing popularity among younger music lovers is perhaps not entirely unrelated to the fact that the interpretive tradition of the Viennese old guard has recently found a valid counterpart rooted in the esthetic ideals of the twentieth century, toward which his music made such a significant con-

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tribution, rather than those of the nineteenth, which he helped destroy by carrying them to their very extremes. Kubelik's excellent conception of the First Symphony (London), with its somewhat abstract though highly effective mock funeral march followed by a carefully paced yet explosive finale, admirably holds the middle ground. Kletzki (Angel), on the other hand, is much less concerned with the shaping of details. Under his hands the fabulous strings of the Israel Philharmonic turn the last movement into a rhythmic orgy of elemental force. And his readings of the Fourth and Ninth confirm that the current conductor of the Dallas orchestra is much less concerned with Mahler, the poet and philosopher, than the pure musician hiding behind programmatic suggestions in order to justify the startling novelty of his melodic-rhythmic and hence structural invention. Occasionally, the typical Kletzki drive tends to violate Mahler's intent, as in the Ninth where it curtails drastically the burlesque effect of the third movement.

At present the Ninth is best, if not ideally, served by Horenstein whose well-paced performance forms part of the cheap monaural Vox package which contains also Horenstein's First and the "Songs on the Death of Children," rendered with a great deal of empathy, as they should be, by a baritone, Norman Foster. The sound is superior to that of the corresponding Klemperer package, and Horenstein's conception of the First Symphony is definitely preferable to Boult's (Everest) which is marred by an incomprehensibly fast second movement, although it does not quite reach the level of Walter, Kubelik and Kletzki. All considered, those with limited budgets will find this Vox set a most adequate introduction to Mahler, the symphonist and the vocal composer.

The two latest versions of the "Song of the Earth" represent interpretive efforts that hail from opposite poles. Aided by the superlative know-how of RCA's production staff, exquisite soloists and an orchestra which he has molded into one of the world's best, Fritz Reiner, well known for his Strauss, offers as evidence of his "conversion to the group of True Believers" impressive performances of the "Lied" as well as that other "chamber" work, the Fourth Symphony. One wonders, however, whether some of the less convincing aspects of his interpretations are not due to a certain self-consciousness about his Straussian past. Certainly Mahler was a mystic, but one whose mysticism called for action regardless of its social consequences. Mahler is "possessed" even when he appears serene on the surface, and this

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Mahler as conductor, by Hans Boehler

characteristic quality is somehow missing in the Reiner performances which are otherwise well planned and give unusual attention to sonorous detail. Thus, neither the magic of stereo nor the purity of Maureen Forrester's singing succeed in producing a "Song of the Earth" matching Walter's uncanny touch or Van Beinum's classical refinement. Hans Rosbaud (Vox), on the other hand, though hampered by a far less impressive contralto, conducts Mahler's masterwork like Mozart, or Webern for that matter, and succeeds admirably in projecting its timeless message of pure music, shaping his phrases beautifully, opening up the frequently polymelodic texture, and keeping the whole together by his perfect insight. This is twentieth century Mahler conducting at its best.

The two earlier orchestral song cycles, though clearly intended for baritones, have been pretty much adopted by mezzo sopranos and contraltos. All four of the single discs currently combining the "Songs of a Wayfarer" and the "Songs on the Death of Children" feature female voices. Among these Miss Forrester efficiently supported by Charles Munch (RCA) excels. She is rapidly becoming the world's foremost Mahler singer, deeply receptive to his complex emotional world and completely impervious to the kind of little mannerisms that trap even as sensitive a performer as Nan Merriman (on Epic, together with the "Song of the Earth") into occasional unwanted glissandos. The Flagstad-Boult version (London) deviates from the original pitch to suit Mme. Flagstad's voice and has many other disturbing peculiarities. Christa Ludwig's performance (Angel) is on the whole adequate, but Lucretia West (vocally not at her best) may blame her elimination from serious competition on Hermann Scherchen's incredibly lethargic tempos (except for the rather frantic contrasts between the Allegro and Andante sections of the first "Wayfarer" song) and Westminster's dull bass reproduction. Among the baritones Fischer-Dieskau enjoys the meticulous assistance of the late Wilhelm Furtwaengler in the "Wayfarer Songs" (Angel) and the advantage of a voice more youthful than that of Hermann Schey ("Songs on the Death of Children").

Ilona Steingruber sings fourteen songs rather amateurishly on the sixth side of the Third Symphony set (SPA). Fortunately, Desi Halban has recorded eight of these as bonus to Bruno Walter's standard performance of the Fifth Symphony (Columbia). The historical value of her rendition is further heightened by the eminent support she receives from Walter's piano accompaniments. Kathleen Ferrier's touching performances of three of the five Rückert songs are similarly added to the Walter "Lied" (London). Alfred Poell continues to deserve our gratitude for the only adequate recordings of the complete "Youth's Magic Horn" songs which he shares, however, with a less effective Lorna Sydney (Vanguard). The inferior Lyrichord (formerly Mercury) recording of the youthful "Song of Lament" has recently been superseded by a Vanguard disc featuring better, though by no means superior, soloists under the sympathetic leadership of the composer's second cousin, Fritz Mahler.

Since this writer's Pre-Centenary Mahler report (*SR*, Aug. 29, 1959) there have been no new recordings of the Second, Fifth and Tenth Symphonies, and considering the overall quality of the current choice none would seem especially called for at this time. But the centennial balance sheet of Mahler on records does reveal important lacunae that demand immediate correction. At least one half of the major compositions are in need of first-rate recordings uniting superior instrumental and vocal forces under men like Klemperer who sense his close kinship with Beethoven, like Kletzki who transform his sweeping rhythms into an irresistible image of "the stormy flight of our great times," and like Rosbaud who have discovered in him the father of modern neo-classicism in music. The universality of Mahler is susceptible to interpretation by the dramatic American, Leonard Bernstein, no less than the thoroughly European Kubelik. "My time will come," Mahler once declared with confidence. If the recordings now available are any indication, his time has finally come. For his sake and for ours let us see to it that it will never pass.

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FDR—Engineer of Consent

By WALTER JOHNSON,
Department of History, University of Chicago

CHICAGO'S MAYOR Edward J. Kelly once said: "Roosevelt is the greatest precinct captain I've ever known. He has made the job of our workers easy." With the Fireside Chat, Roosevelt turned the nation into a precinct. Through the press conferences and over the radio, he established a new relationship between the President and the public. The press conferences and the fireside chats were usually relaxed, but at the same time they provided Roosevelt with the means for a serious discussion of many issues. They enabled him, in fact, to carry on a dialogue with the public.

Unfortunately, in Roosevelt's day the press conferences were not recorded, but in "F.D.R. Speaks" (Washington Records, W-FDR $29.95) we have a six-hour reminder of how effectively he used the radio to reach the entire country and rally support for his program. "Mr. Roosevelt is the best showman the White House has lodged since modern science made possible such an effective dual performance," Arthur Krock said of his skill in the press conferences and over the radio.

By sitting before the microphones and simply saying "My Friends," F.D.R. established a friendship with his listeners. There was magic in the words as he spoke them. And when he was campaigning or seeking to rally public support for his program, he would add to "My Friends" the statement "You and I know . . ." and convince most of his listeners that they shared his insights and his prejudices; however much his opponents were infuriated not only by his legislation but also by the serene, confident tone of his voice. As had no other President, he involved the common man in politics. The warm, informal radio style, the use of the first person singular established the tone of a personal conversation and everybody, whether critical or adulatory, was caught up in the drama of the Roosevelt years. Roosevelt's close associate Samuel I. Rosenman has written that the greatest source of the President's strength was his ability to "explain to the people the most intimate problems of government. He could do it by the use of simple language and by the clear, confident, and persuasive tone of his voice."

As "F.D.R. Speaks" reveals, when Roosevelt entered the White House, his attitude toward the institution of the Presidency, as well as his own views toward public relations, differed radically from that of his immediate predecessors. The White House challenged his imagination. He saw himself as not only unifier of the nation but chief legislator and head of party as well. The Presidency was to him a "place of moral leadership." "All our great Presidents were leaders of thought at times when certain historic ideas in the life of the nation had to be clarified . . ." he said in 1932. "Without leadership alert and sensitive to change, we are bogged up or lose our way, as we have lost it in the past decade."

"F.D.R. Speaks" reminds us that he was a political evangelist who could make issues vivid to the public. He did not need the help of Madison Avenue. He knew the art of persuasion through the imagery of words—"the engineering of consent." He proved that a powerful President, willing to use the full authority of his office, could mold, unify and guide the nation into action. And his keen sense of the public mood, his unprecedented gift of being able to appeal to millions, enabled him to mobilize public support for most of his policies.

An army private, on hearing of Roosevelt's death, spoke for his generation: "America will seem a strange, empty place without his voice talking to the people whenever great events occur." And a few day later, Carl Carmer put into verse the intimacy that the President established with the people:

> . . . I never saw him—
> But I *knew* him. Can you have forgotten
> How, with his voice, he came into our house,
> The President of the United States,
> Calling us friends. . . .

For the first time in American history, the President had been a voice from kitchen tables, the living room, and the counters of bars and lunchrooms. Many critics of American society have remarked that the mass public is a deadening influence, incapable of meeting a crisis and a force opposed to enlightened progress. But the pressing circumstances from 1933 to 1945 and Roosevelt's artistry in leadership generally turned this "weakness" into a positive strength. A fortunate coincidence of personal qualities and technological opportunities rallied the public to meet the challenges of depression and war.

In "F.D.R. Speaks" we have the most complete collection of his fireside chats, campaign speeches, Inaugural Addresses, and State of the Union messages that has been produced. With a brief commentary before each speech and a pamphlet containing photographs, an introduction by Mrs. Roosevelt, and an essay by historian Henry Steele Commager, all students and teachers of American history as well as citizens in general now have six long-playing records to help them recapture the flavor of the tumultuous years from 1933 to 1945 and perceive Roosevelt's mastery of the White House as he shifted among the roles of chief of state, head of party, and prime minister.

Like his wartime colleague, Winston Churchill, Roosevelt was a man of immense personal magnetism who could surmount the supreme crisis. His Inaugural Address on March 4, 1933, indicated this. Confusion and despair were the keynotes of the closing days of the Hoover Administration. Unemployment soared to a new high of about thirteen million, farm prices continued to decline, and, most terrifying of all, the nation's banking system was collapsing. A hundred thousand somber spectators gathered to hear the new President. They saw his uplifted chin, his confident smile, while countless millions heard the beautifully modulated tones on their radios. "This is pre-eminently the time to speak the truth, the whole truth, frankly and boldly. Nor need we shrink from honestly facing conditions in our country today. This great nation will endure as it has endured, will revive and will prosper. So, first of all, let me assert my firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself. . . ."

Mrs. Roosevelt said to reporters after the speech: "The crowds were so tremendous, and you felt that they would do anything—if only someone would tell them what to do." The action that followed in the next hundred days electrified the nation. Fifteen days after Roosevelt took office Anne O'Hare McCormick wrote: "The yearning of America is for action, almost any kind of action. Roosevelt makes a flying start by satisfying that long-balked appetite. . . . Two weeks of Roosevelt have changed the atmosphere of the capital, have raised the morale of the country . . . no President in so short a time has inspired so much hope."

Subsequent speeches included in

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"F.D.R. Speaks" reveal him as Chief of State unifying the nation for action, educating the public to adjust to change. Still others show him in the role of mobilizer of public opinion to focus support for his legislative proposals on Congress. And others display him at his militant, political best, rallying votes at election time. "These economic royalists complain that we seek to overthrow the institutions of America. What they really complain of is that we seek to take away their power," he said in his acceptance speech on June 27, 1936, as the crowd roared its approval. "To some generations much is given. Of other generations much is expected. This generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny."

The rich and varied collection presented in "F.D.R. Speaks" also includes the most skilled political speech of his career. Thomas E. Dewey seemed to be gaining momentum in the early stages of the 1944 campaign as he charged that the Roosevelt Administration was composed of tired, quarrelsome old men. Roosevelt countered before the Teamsters' Union: "Well, here we are together again—after four years—and what years they have been! You know, I am actually four years older, which is a fact that seems to annoy some people. In fact, in the mathematical field there are millions of Americans who are more than eleven years older than when we started in to clear up the mess that was dumped in our laps in 1933." As he heaped ridicule on the Republican leaders, he delivered a paragraph that derailed the hitherto well-planned Dewey campaign:

> These Republican leaders have not been content with attacks on me, or my wife, or on my sons. No, not content with that, they now include my little dog, Fala. Well, of course, I don't resent attacks, and my family doesn't resent attacks, but Fala *does* resent them. You know, Fala is Scotch, and being a Scottie, as soon as he learned that the Republican fiction writers in Congress and out concocted a story that I had left him behind on the Aleutian Islands and had sent a destroyer back to find him—at a cost to the taxpayers of two or three, or eight or twenty million dollars—his Scotch soul was furious. He has not been the same dog since. I am accustomed to hearing malicious falsehoods about myself—such as that old, worm-eaten chestnut that I have represented myself as indispensable. But I think I have a right to resent, to object to libelous statements about my dog.

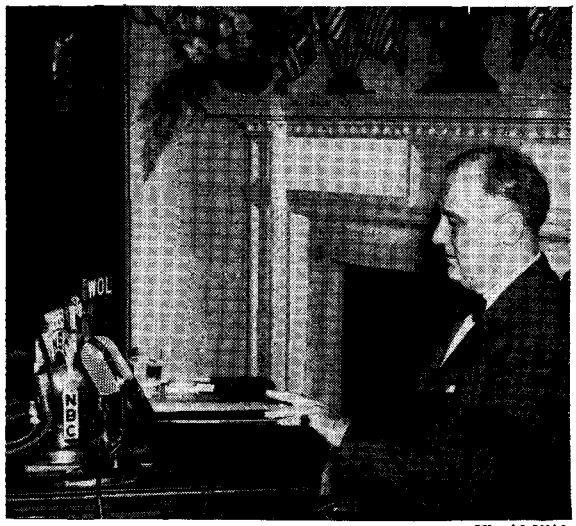
Roosevelt's sarcasm enraged Dewey. Two days later he started swinging wildly, shouting: "He asked for it, now we'll let him have it." Over the next weeks the bitterness of Dewey's attacks grew. It was just what Roosevelt wanted. As one Democrat said, the campaign after the Fala speech was between "Roosevelt's dog and Dewey's goat."

It is unfortunate that not all of Roosevelt's important speeches could be included in this collection—for instance "The Arsenal of Democracy" fireside chat of December 29, 1940, which provoked the largest mail response of any speech Roosevelt had delivered—and space also required that some of those used had to be excerpted. But it is puzzling that the editor did not include in the excerpts from the Boston campaign speech of October 30, 1940, the following sentences, which provoked immense controversy:

> And while I am talking to you mothers and fathers, I give you one more assurance. I have said this before, but I shall say it again and again and again: Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign war.

"F.D.R. Speaks" again reminds us that Roosevelt was a great politician, a political man trying to use the political process to advance decency and justice at home and abroad. He was no doctrinaire as he approached either domestic or world politics. He knew how to compromise to achieve government by consent. He also knew how vital Presidential leadership was to progress. Like Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson, he contained the stresses and strains and mobilized public opinion for an attack on current problems. No politician before him had ever been elected by a larger or more varied constituency, and he increased the people's faith in democracy at a time when the totalitarians proclaimed that they were the wave of the future.

As one looks back on the years from March 4, 1933, to April 12, 1945, Roosevelt, with all his mistakes and failings, emerges as a masterful politician who revitalized the faith of the public that the nation could surmount the pitfalls of depression and war. His great achievement was holding the American people together and helping them reassert their faith that they were the last best hope on earth. During these twelve years, the historic dream of opportunity was expanded to include nearly everyone.



—*World Wide*

FDR—"a great politician, a political man trying to use the political process to advance decency at home and abroad."

Not only was capitalism adjusted to democracy, but significant strides were made in adjusting the nation to a position of world leadership. After decades of mistaken beliefs about the relation of American power to world security, the impact of world events and Roosevelt's leadership combined slowly, but surely, to guide the nation from the perils of isolation to the task of survival.

During the war, under his leadership, America built itself into the inner fabric of Western civilization and took the lead in creating the United Nations. While he overestimated Russia's peaceful intentions in the postwar era, in cooperation with other free nations the United States was in a position to challenge the expansion of Soviet power.

Much of this story is recounted in the President's own words in "F.D.R. Speaks." As Mrs. Roosevelt points out in her brief introduction to the accompanying essay:

> . . . It is the most complete collection that can be found, and as I listened to a number of the speeches I could not help thinking there is still a great deal in these speeches that is pertinent to the world today with very little change. Also, strange to say, they seemed more alive and strong than the speeches one hears today on radio and television. Perhaps this is because my husband had the very remarkable ability to project his personality through his speeches, and he certainly had the ability to put into understandable English even quite difficult thoughts. . . .

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Mahler

Continued from page 44

rounded gestures, in which players were invited rather than reminded to follow cues, than Mahler's precise, incisive thrust and domination of the orchestra. It proved particularly unnerving to the first horn, who wilted under Mahler's fierce attack on his first movement solo, and blew wrong notes. It was forgotten by the end of an otherwise glorious performance by Smallens, who inched his way backstage, extending a pad to the perspiring Mahler and saying: "Herr Musikdirektor, ich möchte gern Ihr Autograph haben." The enraged Mahler turned on him and answered, in his best English: "Do you fink I have come to Amerika to give you mine awtograf?" (Smallens has no Mahler autograph.)

Other clouds were beginning to gather. Toscanini had opened the Metropolitan season with his famous production of "Aida" (Caruso, Destinn, Scotti, Homer, etc.) following it with other works for which the public and critical applause was almost unanimous. By the time Mahler returned to conduct the first performance of his second season on December 23, reviewers were already framing the question in the public mind: who was the greater interpreter of Wagner – Toscanini in "Götterdämmerung" or Mahler in "Tristan"? The more level-headed reviewers saw no need to discriminate between two men of such outstanding merits, but it was all fuel for the competitive fire—in view, especially, of the former's thwarted desire in re "Tristan."

FOR the while, Mahler's work went smoothly and with as much esteem as before—this year's Mozart "revival" was "Le Nozze di Figaro" with a splendid cast. He also gave the Metropolitan public its first taste of the spirit in Smetana's "Die Verkaufte Braut" (the German text was used). There were several repetitions of "Tristan" and "Fidelio," as New Yorkers reveled in the opportunity to hear opera conducted one night by Toscanini, the next by Mahler, and when there was a gap, by the well-respected Alfred Hertz.

Two events of February determined the trend that soon emerged. Andreas Dippel, a co-director with Gatti-Casazza as a kind of deputy to protect the interest of artists engaged by Conried, was relieved of his responsibilities, early in the month. Later in the month, the committee of ladies who had thought of establishing an orchestra under Mahler's direction decided instead to join forces with the Philharmonic. Up to this time (1908-1909) the Philharmonic was a co-operative of musicians who engaged their own conductors. It was as a result of the prestige and money marshalled behind Mahler that it acquired a subsidy, a guaranteed existence, and the beginnings of the stability which led to the high standards of the last four decades.

The concerts (as guest) of March 31 and April 7, 1909, foreshadowed, to an extent, Mahler's later preferences for Philharmonic programs—the Beethoven Seventh on one, the Ninth on the other. When he left for Europe it was with a contract for a season's work with the Philharmonic, with or without respect to further opportunities at the Metropolitan. En route to Toblach, he spent some time in Paris, where he sat for the famous head by Auguste Rodin. Most of the summer was spent in Toblach, completing "Das Lied." Among his visitors were the Richard Strausses, from the other side of the Alps. Pauline de Ahna Strauss's greeting was typical: "How was America, Mahler? Filthy, eh? Hope you got a pile, anyway."

AT summer's end, he went to Amsterdam for a performance of the Seventh Symphony, returning to New York for rehearsals with the Philharmonic late in October. It was the custom then for the orchestra to rehearse one week, and play the same program the following week in New York (occasionally also in Brooklyn.) When rehearsed material accumulated later in the winter, the orchestra went on tour. It was on one of these trips that Mahler visited Niagara Falls, contemplating the awesome sight with the words: "Endlich *fortissimo!*" The scope of the repertory he undertook is indicated in the chart accompanying this article. A Beethoven series was included, also a "historical series" which ranged from Bach to Hans Pfitzner. Busoni was among the soloists, also Kreisler, Maud Powell and the celebrated Lieder singer Ludwig Wüllner, who participated in "Kindertotenlieder." Debussy's "Nocturnes," Elgar's "Enigma" Variations and sundry works of Strauss were among the then contemporary scores to which he was partial as well as his own Symphony No. 1. In March he fulfilled his only Metropolitan commitment for the season and his last ever: four performances of Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame."

The 1910 journey to the retreat at Toblach was punctuated by stops in Paris, where he directed the first Parisian performance of the Symphony No. 2 at the Châtelet (Debussy, Dukas, and Pierné, who joined with Fauré and the Clemenceaus in a party for him the day before left in the middle of the slow movement), and Rome, where he quarreled with the orchestra. In Toblach he began to elaborate sketches for the Tenth Symphony, but came down with a throat ailment contracted from a servant. A general depression and inability to work aggravated by angina, impelled him to seek out an acquaintance of Vienna days who was living in Leyden, Holland. How much aid Sigmund Freud's analysis provided Mahler is unknown. It marks, in any instance, one of the earliest instances known of a prominent composer who sought such therapy.

There was another Munich premiere (the Eighth Symphony) before the return to New York in November 1910. To the outward world, he was getting on with his work of making the Philharmonic a quality orchestra, and he provided a series of typically broad-ranging programs, including the first American performances of Debussy's "Iberia" and "Rondes de Printemps." Rimsky's "Scheherazade" was not beneath notice, nor Chabrier's "Espana." A two-week sequence in which he directed works of the American George Chadwick, the Irish Charles Stanford and the English Elgar and an Italian program of Sinigaglia, Martucci, Busoni (the first American performance of the "Berceuse élégiaque"), and Mendelssohn's A major Symphony (as a reminder, perhaps, of another kind of "Italian" orchestral music) terminated in aggravated inflammation of the throat, fever, and collapse.

Medical attention to Mahler, in a time when blood transfusions were deemed "risky" for a life as precious as his, seems beyond reproach: but six weeks of treatment did not bring much improvement in the battle against the "streptococci." He took ship to Europe in April, with recommendations for doctors who could help him in Paris. They didn't. He was insistent upon pressing on to Vienna, and a favored sanitarium. The end came, in his fifty-first year, on May 18, 1911.

AS noted previously, the promise America held out to Mahler was mostly illusory, so far as his own problems of health and creative fulfillment were concerned. But it is fair to say that his life was mostly spent before he came here in 1907: and the work he did at the Metropolitan and with the Philharmonic was probably more memorable on Manhattan Island than it might have been elsewhere. He met and worked with some fine artists (and some not so fine); he moved in a circle of musical enthusiasts and dilettanti who idolized him; he encountered and did not cringe from the impact of Toscanini. He remained himself, proud, unflinching, an idealist to the end. If America did not give too much to Mahler, he gave it more than enough to make it part of the Mahler legend.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1373

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Hector's horse, gift of the fairy Morgana ("Troilus and Cressida").	113 183 53 165 90 73 149
B. Abundant.	69 166 135 64 107 8 39
C. System used U.S. and Eng. for weighing gold and silver (named for French town; 2 wds.).	102 66 44 96 2 168 171 120 78 184
D. Sitting Bull's tribe.	129 38 178 108 85 151 40 3
E. The toque monkey of Ceylon.	181 142 138 114 15 123
F. Accession of anything as in a stream.	52 83 137 141 41 117
G. In a snappish manner.	34 26 143 65 86 139
H. Distribute into classes.	47 50 93 31 172 68
I. New York philanthropist for whom a great stadium is named (1849-1938).	54 112 57 101 80 21 175 71
J. Impart gradually.	156 170 45 97 29 23 100
K. English writer, granddaughter of Joe Jefferson.	147 28 122 106 76 154 157
L. Amuse; keep in mind; cherish.	74 187 150 99 30 134 95 81 127
M. Wrapping; clothing.	16 25 62 89 82 51 1 163 119

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. King in Teutonic legend who tried to keep the wonderful smith Völund prisoner by maiming him.	60 36 124 98 177 72 12 136
O. One who runs errands in Britain, makes music for George Gobel.	133 35 186 103 77 162 7
P. *Cordial to guests.*	18 126 160 152 169 110 87 131 104 59
Q. Future dwelling place of happy souls, located in different places by Plato, Hesiod, etc.	46 167 115 19 125 132 56
R. Parodied.	17 70 118 179 13 4 128 79 105 158
S. Founder of great organization for child welfare, N.Y. City.	58 92 176 10 174 88 111 116 75
T. Famous Parisian chef (1847-1935).	180 5 20 91 32 140 159 121 42
U. Valuation, esp. if official.	55 33 27 63 164 182 148 109 14 6
V. Satirical poet of Anc. Rome, whose "tooth" means a biting, carping critic.	22 144 130 146 48
W. Rice cooked with meat and gravy, or with cheese.	155 173 94 84 145 11 37
X. Depending upon atmospheric conditions.	67 43 61 49 24 161 153 185 9

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

							1 M		2 C	3 D	4 R		5 T	6 U	7 O	8 B
9 X	10 S		11 W	12 N	13 R	14 U		15 E	16 M	17 R	18 P		19 Q	20 T	21 I	22 V
23 J	24 X	25 M	26 G	27 U		28 K	29 J	30 L		31 H	32 T		33 U	34 G	35 O	36 N
37 W	38 D	39 B		40 D	41 F	42 T	43 X	44 C	45 J	46 Q		47 H	48 V	49 X		50 H
51 M	52 F	53 A	54 I		55 U	56 Q		57 I	58 S	59 P	60 N	61 X	62 M	63 U	64 B	
65 G		66 C	67 X	68 H	69 B	70 R	71 I		72 N	73 A	74 L	75 S	76 K		77 O	78 C
79 R	80 I		81 L	82 M		83 F	84 W		85 D	86 G	87 P	88 S	89 M		90 A	91 T
	92 S	93 H	94 W	95 L	96 C		97 J	98 N	99 L		100 J	101 I	102 C	103 O	104 P	105 R
	106 K	107 B	108 D	109 U		110 P	111 S	112 I		113 A	114 E	115 Q		116 S	117 F	118 R
119 M	120 C	121 T	122 K	123 E	124 N	125 Q	126 P	127 L		128 R	129 D	130 V		131 P	132 Q	133 O
134 L	135 B	136 N	137 F	138 E	139 G		140 T	141 F	142 E	143 G	144 V	145 W		146 V	147 K	
148 U	149 A	150 L	151 D	152 P	153 X	154 K	155 W		156 J	157 K	158 R	159 T	160 P	161 X	162 O	163 M
164 U	165 A	166 B	167 Q	168 C		169 P	170 J		171 C	172 H	173 W	174 S	175 I		176 S	177 N
178 D	179 R	180 T	181 E	182 U	183 A	184 C	185 X	186 O	187 L							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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NEW JETS
AMID

the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound

KASUGA SHRINE, NARA – GOWN BY HELGA ORIGINALS

This is Japan. This is Japan where beauty is calm, where color is muted, where life is serene. This is the Japan that fashions the interiors of Japan Air Lines' new Jet Couriers. The interiors of JAL's new DC-8 jets beautifully anticipate the calm beauty of Japan. The atmosphere is delightfully Japanese ... from the pine-bough pattern of a seat fabric to the symmetry of a shoji screen, from the tatami carpeting of the lounge to the chrysanthemum motif on the drapes. Here is the calm beauty of Japan, and the gracious hospitality of Japan, as you fly high over the Pacific at almost the speed of sound. Japan Air Lines' DC-8 Jet Courier service starts on August 12 from San Francisco to Tokyo. Very soon after that, jets will begin serving all of JAL's transPacific routes to Tokyo and Hong Kong. Then the Orient will be half a delightful day away on Japan Air Lines . . . just half a serene, wonderful day away on these beautiful jets, where you fly amid the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound.

JAL

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